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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLII No. 1853 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 27 1935

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Pictures by Montague Dawson

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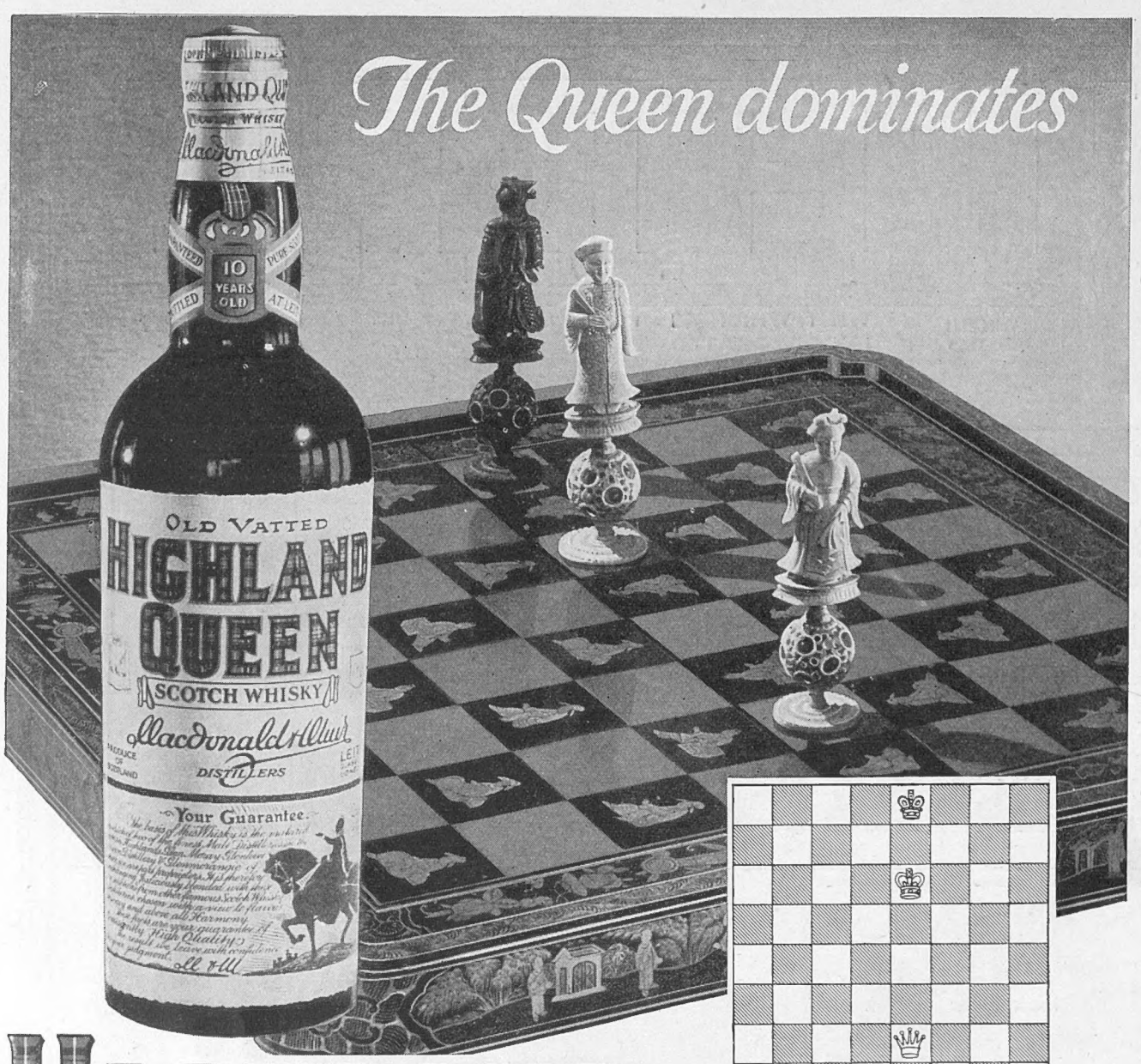

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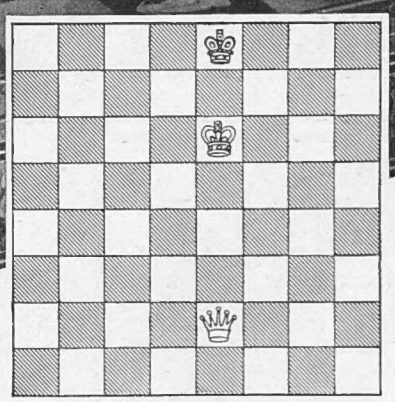

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, July 27, 1935

"War" Over London

"Spotters" at Work during this Week's Air Exercises

These two pictures reveal a most interesting feature of the mimic aerial battle held over London this week; namely the work done by the "spotters" who, with the aid of binoculars and elaborate sound-detecting instruments, attempt to discover the movements of enemy aircraft and report their advance to headquarters, thus providing an efficient warning system, and making it possible for intercepting 'planes to take the air in time. This task is, for the most part, carried out by the Observer Corps, which is made up of men from every walk of life, who are recruited locally near each observation centre, are enrolled as special constables, and give their services free in the interests of national defence. The accuracy of their reports is sometimes truly remarkable, and there is no doubt that in time of war these "spotters" would be invaluable, and would help to avert many a major disaster

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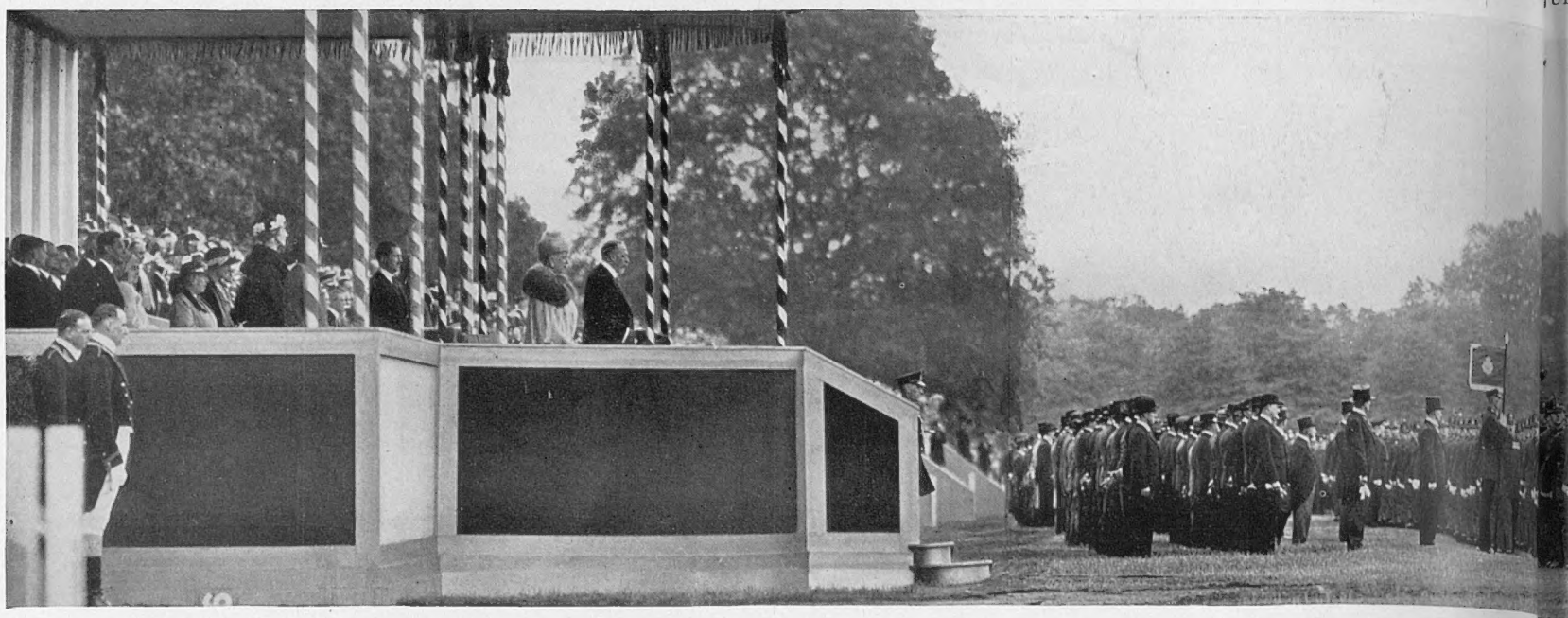


HIS MAJESTY INSPECTS HIS UNARMED FORCES: The King, accompanied by the Queen, watching the march past of 8,000 police in Hyde Park on Saturday, July 20, when the last of the four Silver Jubilee reviews was held. The detachments came from almost every corner of England, Scotland, and Wales, and, considering the lack of opportunity for rehearsal, their steadiness and smartness on parade were truly remarkable. *On right*—Mounted police passing the Royal pavilion

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 24, 1935.

JUBILEE SEASON IN RETROSPECT.—The London Season is drawing to a close; the Eton and Harrow was, until the Garden Party at the Palace became a regular fixture, the sign for dispersal. The Garden Party falls on the 25th this year and then the birds take wing. But the military and naval reviews induced many people to treat Lord's as the finis of their Jubilee Season in London. It proved as brilliant as was anticipated; some of the great events transcended all expectations, though more money would have changed hands if the weather had been kinder in early June. Nobody had an idea that the Jubilee Procession to St. Paul's would write the chapter in history which it did, not those responsible for the arrangements, nor the King, nor the people. We paid for that glorious summer's day by waiting for such another until we were sick of waiting. But by a happy dispensation of Heaven, whenever the King drove abroad the sun shone, and all his four supernumerary drives were unqualified successes. The Court, official, and City functions were all brilliant in the extreme and markedly successful. The two Court Balls were scenes of matchless splendour, organised admirably and most tactfully. In spite of a threatening chill the King, with his four sons, graced the "Trooping" under a rather dull but dry sky, and that function also surpassed its previous best.

A REBUFF FOR THE WELSH WIZARD: Mr. Lloyd George, whose "New Deal" proposals have been rejected by the Government, partly on the score that his plans do not appear to be capable of reducing unemployment to the extent which he claims. As a result of this the famous statesman has declared that he will run candidates at the next General Election, and in a reply to the Government has accused it of "boastful complacency regarding the existing economic conditions in the country"

THE SECOND PHASE.—The King remained at Sandringham to rest, having performed up to that time every item in his heavy programme. It was lucky he did so, for Ascot, save for the last day, proved treacherous and unkind, and the State drive had to be twice cancelled. Expensive creations trailed in the mud and grew bedraggled in the mist, and on three days only the racing was brilliant. But the Queen, who never for one moment relaxed during the entire season, attended each day from Windsor. The King was quite restored to health again in a fortnight, and one of his first acts was to visit Lord's for the first day of the Second Test when he spoke to the players, and the following day received the South Africans at the Palace. Wimbledon was immensely successful and lucky in the weather. There were half-a-dozen Homeric battles, in which Perry, Von Cramm, Borotra, Menzel, and the finalist ladies shone in victory or defeat. Only Miss Round's temporary eclipse threw a shadow over the gay scene. Henley shared the luck of weather and drew crowds, if not the Fashion of former days. There was brilliance at Olympia, and at Rushmoor where the Jubilee Tattoo defied grey skies and drew record crowds to a super-pageant. The polo season does not get the publicity it did, yet it was more brilliant than usual and benefited greatly from Indian visiting players. The "Eton and Harrow" opened ominously but by luncheon time on Friday seemed to me as gay and thronged as ever, and from a cricket point of view a good deal more exciting. And so to the Military and Naval Pageants which rounded off the King's heavy Jubilee programme. These were unique occasions which enter the pages of history. It is to be remarked that within an hour of the end of the naval review the sun took a holiday and the weather became cold and dull. It is unlikely that we shall see again in our time a season so brilliant, full, and successful.

RESULTS NEGLIGIBLE.—Mr. Stewart, Commissioner of the Special Areas, proved himself a brave man (and gained my confidence) by the frank admissions in his half-year report. He buckled to his task with a flourish of trumpets and the public was vaguely left to assume that he was a wizard with unlimited millions to spend and all kinds of curative plans to put into force at once. At the end of six months he frankly admits that he has overspent and achieved nothing much, nothing permanent, nothing constructive. It has been largely half a year of survey, contemplation, and realisation of the appalling difficulties. Briefly, the major cures are: (*a*) To find a market for coal and coal by-products; (*b*) To introduce new industries into the derelict areas; (*c*) To shift surplus population to happier shires; (*d*) To settle townsfolk on the land; (*e*) To get Empire emigration on its legs again; (*f*) To initiate public works in the area which would absorb some surplus labour; (*g*) To spend to ameliorate the lot of the unfortunates and their families. Mr. Stewart, in reporting progress, is commendably sane, courageous, and frank.

(*a*) He has nothing new to suggest whereby low temperature carbonisation and other coal rationalisation schemes may be hastened.

(*b*) Industry lent a sympathetic ear to his plans and aims, but when it came down to brass tacks, not a single firm would venture to start a branch in the derelict areas with their terrible record of failure and labour trouble.

(*c*) There is no prospect of anything like a block emigration to other parts of England. The labour situation does not warrant it.

(*d*) Mr. Stewart faces fact, which often "idealists" do not. Mass settlement of townsfolk on the land is doomed to failure. Agriculture is a skilled (a very highly skilled) trade and every amateur farmer or farming group courts certain disaster.

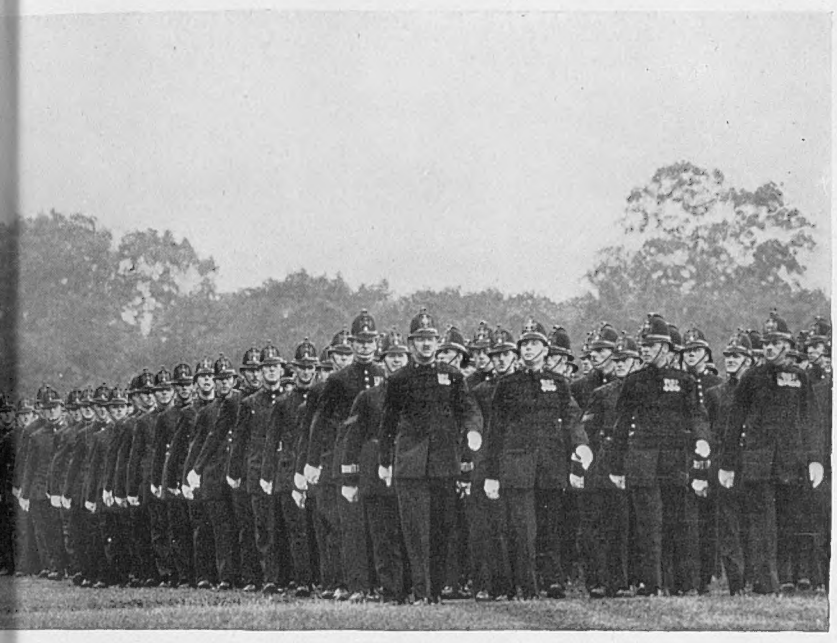
(*e*) Empire emigration is as dead a letter as ever it has been since the war. It must remain so until Canada, Australia, and the rest have got on their legs again, and that will not be to-morrow.

(*f*) As far as the money will go, schemes of public work can go forward and temporarily relieve unemployment. It is a costly business for tax- and rate-payers.

(*g*) Mr. Stewart has found no difficulty in over-spending on purely patchwork and ephemeral, but worthy and necessary measures to sweeten the dreary existence of the unfortunates.

His report is discouraging enough. It has given a handle to every shade of political opinion opposed to the National Government. It is common-sense, it is the bitter truth bravely told.

MR. FULFORD'S "GEORGE IV."—Mr. Roger Fulford, whose *George IV* was chosen as July's "Book of the Month" by one of the Book Societies, deserves his reward. He takes infinite pains, has any amount of patience, and writes well, seasoning his fine restraint and his strict adherence to proved facts with just that touch of acid necessary to make his product light and palatable. His literary style not seldom adorns the leader columns of a great "daily." He has specialised in George III's sons. His first book, *The Royal Dukes*, which covered the careers of the rest of the royal brothers, was very well received. *George IV* is his second book. Mr. Fulford being a genuine "literary man" (as opposed to a book-compiler or journalist), was quite undeterred by the publication of other works on the same subject which short-headed his own. It came aptly, in the middle of the Jubilee season and at a time when this particular book society had grown tired of spotting an "immortal" novel punctually every month. It craved for some other literary form and fell greedily for *George IV*, which is an admirably compact, well-reasoned and finished biography in the best manner. I hold no brief for book societies, but they will no doubt continue and perhaps increase and I fancy the relations of some of them with the booksellers are to-day through negotiation happier than formerly. Mr. Fulford has appointed himself advocate for George III's sons. To say that he has "whitewashed" them all is a misstatement, since his aim has consistently been to present the *facts* in their favour, instead of merely emphasising the malice, gossip, and unfavourable stories concerning them.



CAN YOU FORGIVE HIM?—Lord Derby said the other day that George IV was a person whom no one could fairly represent as a worthy or attractive individual. Mr. Fulford, relying on proofs, craves leave to differ, and at any rate convinces us that his nature was endowed with fine impulses and graceful and generous qualities which were diverted by disappointment and rendered barren by the malice of his enemies. But Mr. Fulford, in common with all historians of the first decades of the nineteeth century, owes a great debt to the contemporary gossips of the Creevey type, and he is mildly derisive of Mr. Creevey. He cannot have it both ways. He cannot draw on the contemporary social historians when it suits his book and then dismiss them as "gossips" when it does not. By Creevey and Greville these rising historians of our day ascend the ladder.

> But when he has attained the upmost rung
> He then unto the ladder turns his back,
> Scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend.

But what a sound biography this is! It was written on a plan and the plan was carried out. It is concise, the deep research which went to its making never obtruding. It is confident without being didactic, drily witty without fireworks. Those fourth-form boys of the Lytton-Strachey school should read and mark it. Mr. Fulford is a writer of the old school brought up to date. I only crave leave to question what Mr. Fulford's plan was. It was not, I think, what rumour whispered—to "whitewash" George IV. If Mr. Fulford were a royal advocate, one instance alone will suffice to show that on certain counts no forensic genius can save George IV. The Fitzherbert marriage business remains (and will remain until more papers are produced) evidence that he was a coward or a cad or both, even in youth. I suggest that Mr. Fulford's plan was to write a model biography. He has carried that plan out.

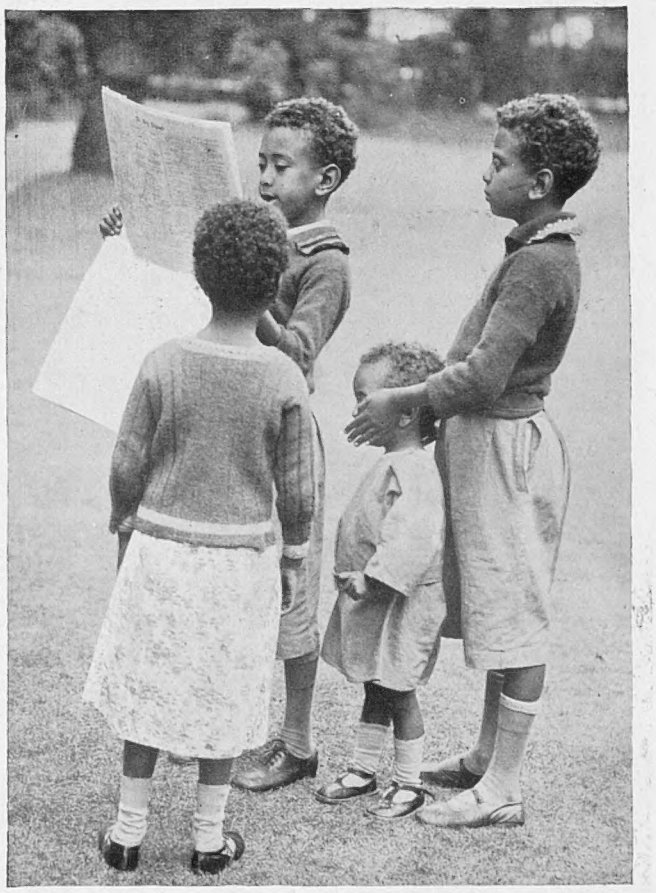
OPINIONS OF THE ROAD.—Poor Mr. Hore-Belisha has many critics and is accused of many crimes in his efforts to stem the criminal toll of the roads. A new charge was recently brought against him by Mr. Balfour, M.P. for Thanet, who called him "The King of Class War." You guess that Mr. Balfour was accusing Mr. Belisha of favouring the rich at the expense of the poor? Not at all. Mr. Belisha's crime is that he is making a pariah of the poor rich motorist. Presumably he is far too democratic and favours the cyclist and the foot slogger. When I use the road I use it as a motorist and it comes as a surprise to me to learn that motoring legislation tends to "segregate the motorist as someone under suspicion." I resent and detest the thousand regulations under which I must own and drive my car, but, in justice to Mr. Belisha, I must admit that his problem is very grave, very complicated, and very pressing, and that the body of motorists, which suffers for the selfishness of a very tiny minority, has reason to regard Mr. Belisha as a friend and ally in difficult circumstances. All classes of road users have contributed to the present crisis and all must, and all do, suffer for it without distinction. Sir Herbert Austin propounded another new and startling road opinion. He advocated scrapping once and for all the present antiquated theory of road construction. If he were Praetor, the roads of to-morrow would be 100 ft. wide, with double carriage ways and provision for slow and fast moving traffic, as well as cycle and pedestrian tracks. Headlights would be abolished and all the roads would be floodlit. Pan would migrate to Grosvenor Square, scratching his head, and wondering whether the Transport Minister of the future was not indeed "The King of Class Warfare" in thus favouring the motorist at the expense of the more static and peaceful community of country dwellers. These opinions, soundly based by sound and experienced men, show how difficult and intricate and complicated are the problems any Transport Minister must face for years to come.

BISHOP BARNES AGAIN.—Bishop Barnes periodically reveals the breadth of his mind, and the alarming liberality of his views. The neo-paganism of Germany may be compared (in its bombshell quality vis-a-vis the orthodox Christian) to the Darwin theory when first it burst upon an outraged Church. Bishop Barnes proves himself more elastic and tolerant towards neo-paganism than the most courageous Church upholder of the Darwinian theory of that day. "If the historic faith of Christendom" (Bishop Barnes is reported as saying in the Temple Church) "can no longer be accepted, some alternative must or will be devised to satisfy deep-seated longings. To find God in the greatness of a great nation is not wholly absurd when we recognise God's presence through the appearance in the world of His attributes of goodness, beauty, and truth. We believe we are fashioned in His likeness because in ourselves those qualities can show themselves." This is a significant saying and a remarkable example of tolerance, since it can only mean that Bishop Barnes sees in Hitler and Hitler's Nazi-ism an earthly image, recognizable at once by reasonable men, of God and of God's dealings with mankind. Hitler's régime is a pattern of God's goodness, beauty, and truth. It is no wonder that Bishop Barnes reviews somewhat ruefully the mission to which he has accepted a call, and craves leave to doubt if the historic faith of Christendom can any longer be accepted. If Hitlerism is a pattern of it, I share his doubts.

THE ETHIOPIAN'S SKIN.—The speeches of the Emperor of Abyssinia to his army and nation, firm, statesmanlike, and restrained, won the admiration of a great part of Europe and the New World, and gained a great deal of sympathy for Abyssinia's point of view. Baldly stated, no sane man wants war in the world and the Emperor made it clear that he did not, and that the League to which Italy helped so much to elect him, is in his opinion the right medium for settlement. His statesmanship went far to show that in assessing the state of civilisation and sanity of the rivals to the dispute, Abyssinia does not lag behind. The history of Ethiopia down the ages might well give pause to the most exuberant sabre-rattlers. She has never been conquered. No one has ever succeeded in changing the Ethiopian's skin because the Ethiopian has ever been willing to risk his skin for his liberty. He who would save his life shall lose it. It is a warning which may yet perhaps persuade Italy to remember the existence of the League before it is too late to draw back from a terrible and impious gamble. It is not a subject on which to speak lightly. I do not know who is equipped to set out the pros and cons, rights and wrongs, of this dispute. What I do know is that there is something new to history and very loathsome in these weeks of waiting for the weather to become suitable for warfare, while each side encourages and stimulates its armies, and seeks to put itself and its policy right in the eyes of a world which can find no means of composing the quarrel.

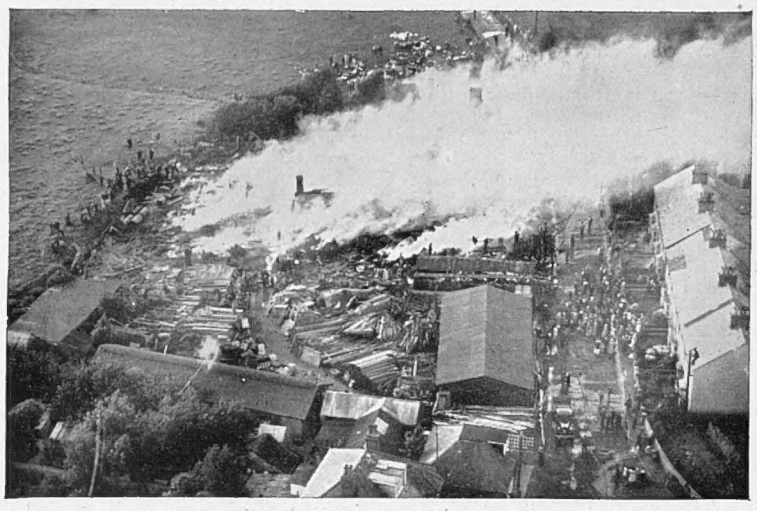
A TRIBUTE TO PRESS ADVERTISING.—In the columns of a famous Sunday newspaper last week Mr. Roper Spyers, who is proprietor of the popular Newlands Corner Hotel, recorded his experience of fifteen years of advertising his hotel in the Press. Mr. Spyers is a versatile man. He has been a sound Shakespearean actor and producer, has charmed the public with a beautiful voice, was for some years an assistant master at Radley, was a scholar, an Oxford racquets Blue, and a sound cricketer. His considered opinion is worth having. He is not in any doubt that Press advertising his hotel has paid him well, and he has been surprised by the range of enquiries from even the outposts of Empire. A famous Sunday paper is not ephemeral. It has a longer life than a day, and is more allied to a weekly journal. My own experience of weekly illustrated journals marches with Mr. Spyers'. I have had it confirmed again and again that the real circulation of such journals as THE SPHERE or *The Illustrated London News* is something like ten times its actual sale of copies. These journals travel out gradually from England to the ultimate parts of Empire and are still being spelled through and read from cover to cover—news, views, and advertising matter—six months after publication. I shall never forget the extraordinary results which came from the chance mention by me of a new domestic invention—of course without a name—in the "Newsletter." The enquiries poured in from England and the Empire in regular waves controlled by time and space, and I learned from this chance mention more about the geography of Empire than ever I learned at school. I gained also an insight into the value which is attached to responsible London weeklies in the outposts of Empire. I haven't a doubt that for advertising things which have a permanence the weekly journals (in which category I include the first-rate Sunday paper) provide by far the best medium and value for money.

THE OLD STAGER



READING THE LATEST NEWS OF THE CRISIS: The four children of Dr. Azaj Martin, the new Ethiopian Minister in London, seen in the grounds of the Imperial Legation at 13, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.10. Their father is at present seeking from Britain a loan of £2,000,000, which would be used not only in the defence of Abyssinia in the event of war but in the development of the natural resources of the country

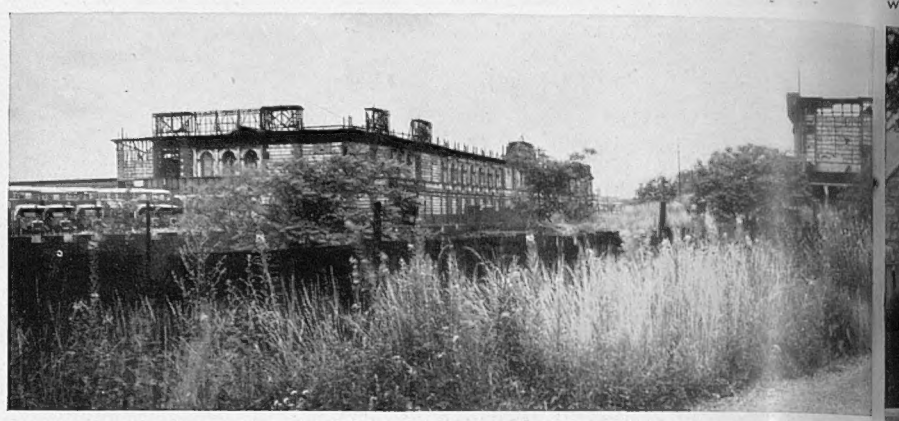
The WEEK AT HOME



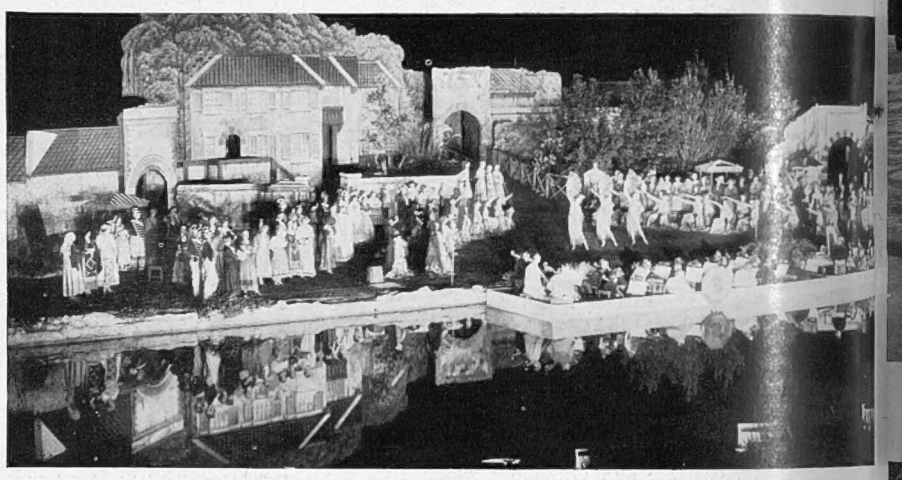
A BLAZE FOUGHT BY FIVE BRIGADES: A dramatic picture showing the tremendous fire at New Romney, Kent, which burned a timber yard, a block of cottages, and barn buildings, and for many hours held up all traffic on the main road from Folkestone to Hastings. At one period the heat was so intense that bystanders could not approach within 50 yards

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE FOR THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION GROUNDS: On the site company known as the British Pacific Trust is to erect what will probably be the largest a permanent exhibition centre in the world. Work on the project is to be provided almo and the building, which will be 80 ft. high, has been planned to accommodate either a ser time or one vast exhibition requiring the whole of the 12 acres of space on the ground and fi report it is probable that the Motor Show, the Ideal Home Exhibition, and the Radio Sh

DOING IT IN HOLLYWOOD STYLE: For their new picture, which is called *A Fire Has Been Arranged*, the Twickenham Film Company recently built at Littleton Park, Shepperton, an elaborate representation of the façade of a department store and then set it alight. As can be seen in this aerial view, the resulting blaze reached quite sizable proportions



"THY SPORTS ARE FLED AND ALL THY CHARMS WITHDRAWN": Another view of t Earl's Court site in its present state of decay, but upon which is to be built the great, ne exhibition centre. An American architect, Mr. C. Howard Crane, is the designer of the buildin and the mechanical and constructional engineer is Mr. Oscar Faber. Approximate £1,250,000 is to be spent and all the materials used are to be of British manufactu



REALISM FOR THE SCREEN: A close-up of the burning department store used in the new Twickenham Film. The building was one hundred and thirty feet long and forty-six feet high, and was largely constructed of timber

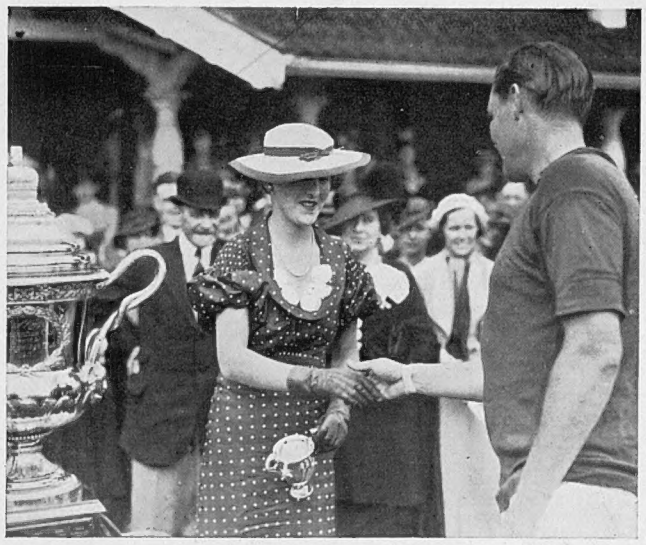
FIRE RAGES THROUGH THE ALMOST RUINED BUILDING: The last moments of the department store made for *A Fire Has Been Arranged*. The picture is directed by Leslie Hiscott, one of England's most promising film executives, and stars the popular "crazy comedians" Flanagan and Allen

THE BLUE RIBAND OF RIFLE SHOOTING: Armourer Staff-Sergeant French being chaired at Bisley last Saturday after his victory in the King's Prize. He had an extraordinary experience at the 1,000 yds. distance when he missed the target with both his sighting shots. *On Right.*—Miss Wendy Butler, a nineteen-year-old Lancashire girl, who was the youngest competitor at the Bisley Meeting

ALFRESCO OPERA IN THE NORTH: A pi turesque moment caught by the came during a recent performance of *Carm* at Scarborough's popular open-air theat

A Pictorial Survey

these dilapidated buildings a most completely equipped immediately for 2,000 men, of exhibitions at the same floors. According to a recent will be held there in 1937



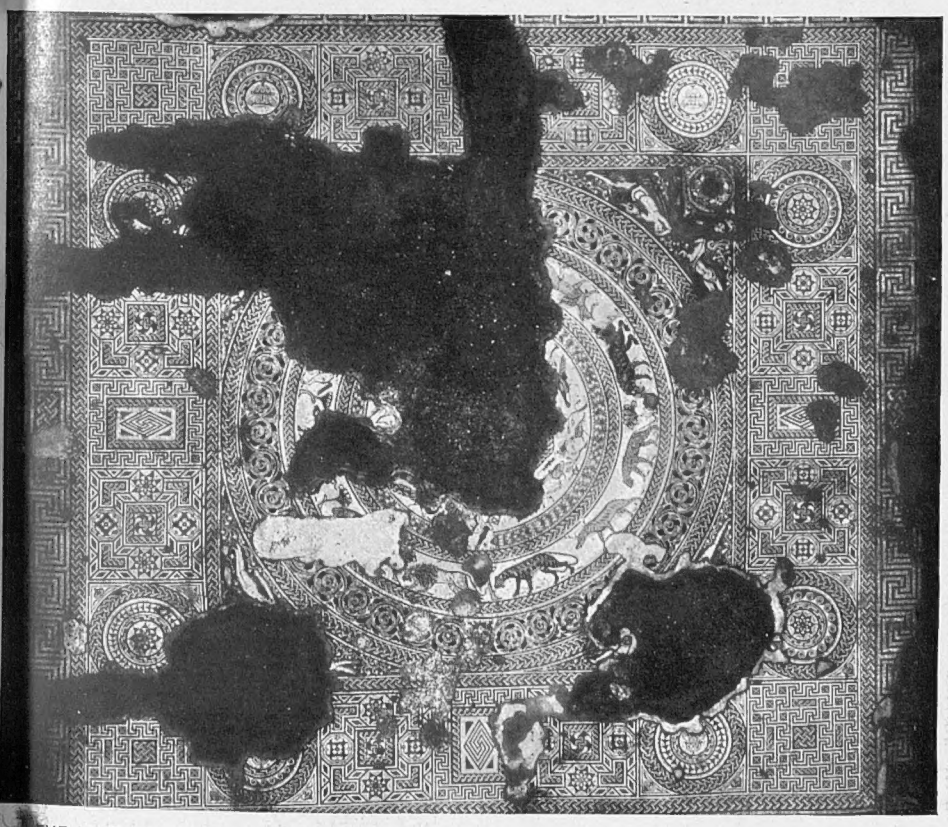
POLO AT RANELAGH: Lady Violet Baring presenting a cup to one of the members of the winning team after The Panthers had beaten The Optimists last Saturday in the final of the King's Coronation Cup. The game was very evenly contested

ROYAL PUPILS: Princess Tere and Princess Danush, nieces of King Zog of Albania, photographed together in the grounds of Heatherfield School, near Ascot, where they have now been in residence for three terms

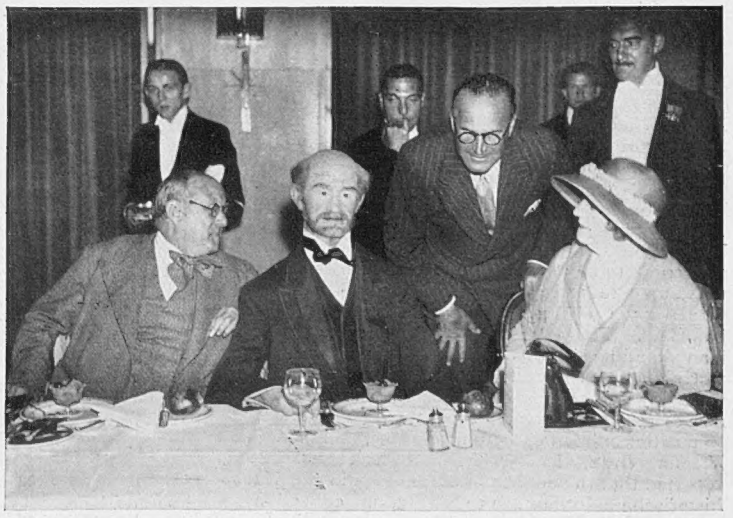
THE SPLENDOUR THAT WAS ROME: Mr. St. Clair Baddeley explaining the beauties of the famous Roman mosaic at Woodchester, near Stroud, when for the fifth time in the last 140 years it was uncovered for public inspection in the presence of a distinguished company

A LABOUR GAIN: Mr. J. Gibbins, the Socialist who won the by-election in the West Toxteth Division of Liverpool with a majority of over 5,000 votes

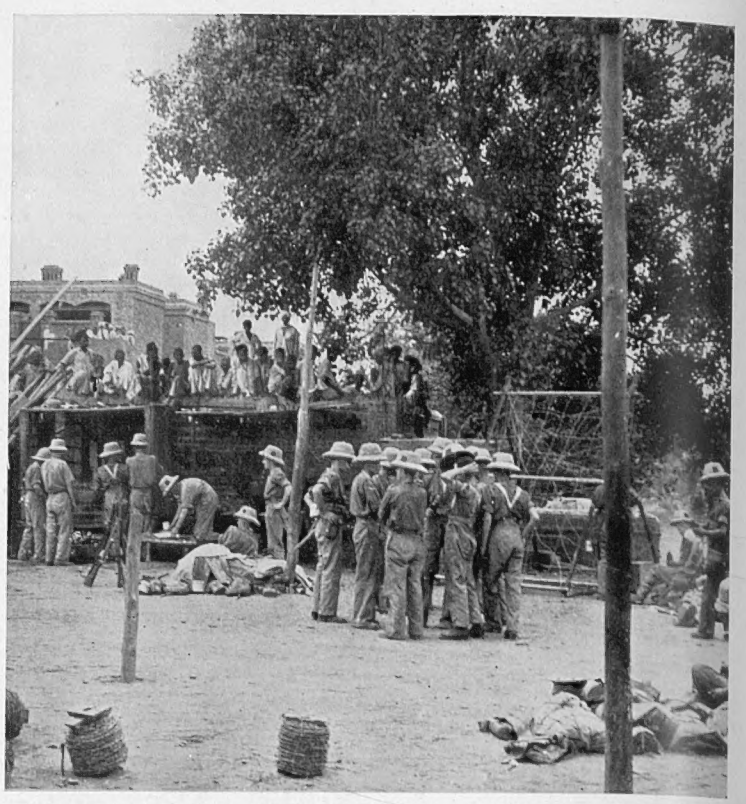
OUTWARD BOUND: Lady Peel seen with Mr. Reginald Gardiner on board the *Berengaria* before they left for New York. They are to appear together on the American stage



THE LARGEST MOSAIC PAVEMENT PRESERVED IN THIS COUNTRY: Another view of the beautiful Roman relic of the 2nd century which was uncovered this week by the Duchess of Beaufort and will remain on view until August 10. It was discovered about 250 years ago by gravediggers. Time and weather have injured portions of the tessellated work, but it is, nevertheless in a wonderfully preserved state. Originally, it formed part of a Roman villa



A BURGLAR-MURDERER AS A GUEST OF HONOUR: An effigy of Charles Peace, the notorious criminal, was lent by Madame Tussaud's and placed at the top table at the Crime Club luncheon held a few days ago at Grosvenor House, Park Lane. On the right are Colonel Sir Percy Laurie, the Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, and Lady Townshend



THE RACE RIOTS IN INDIA: *Left*—The demolition by Sikhs of this old mosque, which was deemed to be in danger of collapse, was the originating cause of the recent disturbances in Lahore, as the Muslims objected to the destruction of the building. The disorders at one time became so serious that troops were forced to fire on the crowds, killing about nine people and injuring a number of others. *Right*—Men of the Royal Scots, who helped to deal with the demonstrators, seen during a spell off duty

The Habsburg's Come-back

The Significance of the New Measure Introduced by the Schuschnigg Government to Restore the Property of Austria's Former Ruling House

THE HABSBURG BILL adopted by the Federal Assembly of Austria on July 10 is the biggest step towards restoration which has yet been taken. It not only enables the Habsburgs to return and retrieve their property, it paves the way for their assumption of the crown as soon as the international situation permits it.

The former Austrian Empire came to an end—for the time being—on November 11, 1918. On that day the Emperor Karl, father of the Archduke Otto, voluntarily renounced "any share in the affairs of State," and agreed in advance to bide by the decision "which German-Austria might take on its future form of State."

A few months later, on April 2, 1919, the Republican Government passed the Habsburg Exclusion Act. By this law the Habsburgs lost all sovereign rights and privileges, the use of their titles was forbidden, and they were expelled from their country. In addition all imperial property, with a few minor exceptions, was confiscated, the realizable assets being employed for the relief of ex-combatants and their survivors.

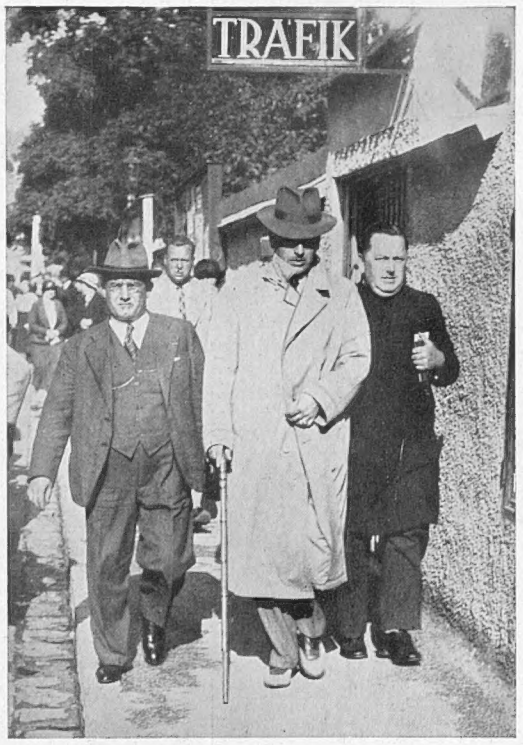
Thus what had once been the richest and most powerful family in Europe was at one blow scattered and reduced to relative poverty. A few of its members resigned, accepted citizenship of the Republic, and remained in Austria to make their living as best they could. The Archduke Franz Salvator took to farming; the Archduke Leopold Wölfling opened a shop; and the Princess Elizabeth Windischgraetz, (the daughter of the Crown Prince Rudolf, who was found shot dead with his mistress in a hunting box at Mayerling in 1899), divorced her husband, became a socialist, and taught working-class children in Vienna.

The majority, to the number of forty odd Archdukes and Archduchesses preferred banishment. But for the brief interlude in 1921, when Karl twice attempted unsuccessfully to regain his throne in Hungary, they have remained in exile ever since. Some followed the Empress Zita and her family to Spain, and after the death of her husband, to Belgium; one, the Archduke Eugene, former commander-in-chief on the southern front, who was later allowed to return to Austria, got a job in a bank at Basle; another, the Archduke Leopold Habsburg-Lothringen, became a film actor in Hollywood; others again settled in Poland, the French Riviera, Italy. Those living in Hungary had the best of it, as they were allowed to keep their titles and their castles, and to enjoy a position of privilege. All these people—those of them, that is, who are still living—may now return to Austria.

They will not be so rich as formerly, but they will be well looked after by their chief. The financial reparation to be made to Otto is not yet settled. The value of the former property was enormous, but values have changed since the Habsburgs were banished. The £2,000,000 worth of Austrian war loan standing in their name is to-day practically worthless; by contrast, the real estate possessed by them in Vienna has doubtless appreciated. They also own 25,000 hectares of land, mostly forest, not to mention numerous country estates, and palaces in Vienna, Graz, Innsbruck, and Salzburg. It is reported that the collection of pictures in the Kunsthistorische Museum, the Albertina collection of etchings and engravings, and the private jewels of the Habsburgs, all of which were taken over by the Republic, are to be restored, on condition they can till be seen by the public. On the other hand the Schönbrun Palace, most famous perhaps of all the Habsburg monuments, is to remain in the possession of the nation. It may yet, however, become again a royal residence.

The law of July 10 has been described by the Austrian Government as an act of social justice. But it was not only their sense of justice that decided the Government to rescind the expulsion law and restore the Habsburg properties. Dr. von Schuschnigg and his colleagues make no secret of their royalism. If the sympathies of Austria's rulers were the sole consideration, Otto would long since have regained his throne. In the opinion of the present Cabinet the restoration of the monarchy is the only solution of the Austrian problem.

When the war ended the old Empire literally fell to pieces. A remnant of 6,000,000 people of whom 2,000,000 inhabit Vienna, was kept in being solely by



AUSTRIA'S BEREAVED CHANCELLOR: Dr. Schuschnigg (*centre*) walking through the streets of Linz after he had paid a last visit to the church where his wife was lying in state. It will be remembered that she was killed as the result of an accident to the car in which she was travelling with her husband, while their nine-year-old son was severely injured

the will of the Allies for whom an independent Austria was a necessary part of the Peace Treaties. For fifteen years this independence has been preserved by external agencies. The League of Nations secured the political, and French and British money the financial buoyancy of a depleted State which could never have kept afloat by its own means. When the Nazis attempted to achieve the Anschluss by force, it was Italian bayonets which thwarted them.

Again and again, in fact, the Austrian Republic has proved incapable of standing alone. If Austria is to be self-sufficient, two conditions are necessary; internal stability and a prosperous economy. The latter is beyond the control of any government, as it depends largely on the willingness of neighbouring States to co-operate. Until the formation of a Danubian economic bloc, Austria's economy will always be precarious. She can, however, achieve harmony within, and many people, even outside her present Government, see in the restoration its only means. For, they argue, what Austria needs is a rallying point, something to symbolise the essential Austrian character, which is catholic and monarchist by tradition, and anti-Prussian by taste. The monarchy, so they believe, would supply the necessary counter-attraction to the emotional appeal of Naziism.

Whether Otto is the man for the job is difficult to say. He has certain assets; he is extremely handsome, serious, and politically minded. The subjects of the theses by which he recently graduated at Brussels University show a remarkable awareness of Austria's two most urgent problems. One dealt with Danubian economic co-operation; the other examined the possibility of democratising the corporate state. Behind Otto is his mother, the Empress Zita. Intensely religious, intensely conscious of her son's imperial destiny, she has the force of character, but perhaps not the *flair*, to make his cause triumph.

It is not the Austrian Government or people, however, nor the personality of the pretender that is the principle factor favouring or opposing the restoration. The real obstacle is the attitude of the Little Entente, that is Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania. The first of these owes its existence to the break-up of the Empire, while the other two owe their greatly increased size to the same cause. It is understandable, therefore, that they see in the imperial restoration a threat to their most vital interests. Austria may be content with her present boundaries, but Otto would not be his mother's son did he not dream of recovering the lost territories of his ancestors.

When Karl made his abortive *putsch* in Hungary the Czech Army mobilized at the frontier. Fear that it would do the same were Otto to appear in Vienna makes the Austrian Government hesitate to recall him. That is why a secret condition—a gentleman's agreement—was attached to the Habsburg Bill, It was arranged Otto should remain in Belgium until the Government considers the moment ripe for him.

When the moment will come no one can say. Monarchists hope that the Little Entente will come to realise that the real danger to them is Germany, and that of Habsburgs and Nazis the former are the lesser evil. Alternatively they may seize a moment of confusion to present the world with a *fait accompli*. But they are in no hurry. Restoration is the trump card of Austria, and she doesn't mean to throw it away.

THE NEW MARNE MEMORIAL

And Other Pictures from France — Civil Servants Protest Against Pay-cuts

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT PAYS HOMAGE TO THE DEAD: M. Lebrun laying a wreath on the new war memorial on the Butte Chalmont, near Soissons, after he had unveiled it and dedicated it to the memory of the men who fell in the second battle of the Marne—the engagement which began the victorious Allied counter-offensive after the German attacks in the spring and summer of 1918. The monument is the work of M. Paul Landowski, the famous sculptor who is director of the French Academy in Rome, and the group represents the spirits of eight French soldiers rising from their graves at the news of victory

PARIS IN TURMOIL: Two pictures taken during the conflict between demonstrators and the police on Friday of last week when civil servants attempted to hold a mass meeting to protest against the drastic pay-cuts proposed by M. Laval, the French Premier. Over 1,500 people were arrested during the evening but most of them were soon released. *Left*—A demonstrator argues with a gendarme as he is led off to gaol. *Right*—Mounted police barring one of the roads

An Epidemic of Air Disasters

How the Employment of Heavy-Oil Engines could Reduce the Danger of Fire in Air-Liners

ANOTHER DUTCH AIR TRAGEDY: The Douglas air liner on the Milan, Frankfurt, and Amsterdam service which crashed near the San Bernardino Pass in the Alps last week, all nine passengers and four members of the crew being killed instantly. The machine was of the same type as "The Flying Hotel" which put up such a magnificent performance in the Melbourne Air Race but later came to grief in the Syrian desert

LAST WEEK, after a long period free from serious mishaps, there were no less than four serious accidents to passenger air liners, and three out of the four machines subsequently took fire and were burnt out. The bitterest blow fell upon the Royal Dutch Air Line, to which three of the machines belonged, and which hitherto has enjoyed a remarkable record of safety and reliability attributable to the high standard of mechanical efficiency and good ground organisation maintained by the company.

Of the four accidents, only one—that at Amsterdam—appears to have been caused by any defect in the machine. In this crash the failure of the petrol supply to two engines on one side of a four-engined Fokker air liner is given as the cause.

Each of the four accidents occurred in completely different circumstances, yet they are significant, taken as a whole, because three of the machines burst into flames.

The fire danger has always been the bugbear of flying. Although fire in the air is to-day so rare as to be almost non-existent, fire on impact in a crash is as common as ever. During the war hundreds of crashes occurred, and many machines were burnt out after crashing. To-day, thanks to the improvement in the reliability of aero engines and the much greater safety of machines, crashes are comparatively infrequent, yet again and again we read of fire breaking out after they occur.

Even if aeroplanes themselves and the ground-organisation for guiding them on their journeys were to become 100 per cent. perfect, accidents would still happen by reason of the failure of the human element. The human element can never become 100 per cent. perfect and it is a factor which must always be reckoned with. We see, how, at intervals, human failure produces serious accidents on the railways which have been developing their safety measures for close on 100 years. We see it as the primary cause of accidents at sea and at our very doors in the toll of the road. But taking it for granted that a few air accidents must always happen even at very long intervals, how are we to avoid the fire which so often follows?

THE TANGLE OF DEATH: The wreckage of the Milan-Amsterdam air-liner lying in the woods near the San Bernardino Pass. One of the ill-fated passengers was Commander Arthur Watts, D.S.O., R.N.V.R., the well-known black-and-white artist.

Under present conditions if a heavy crash occur the tanks containing perhaps hundreds of gallons of petrol are likely to burst and drench a hot engine and its exhaust pipes with highly inflammable fuel. The breaking of electric wires causing a flash sufficient to ignite the loose petrol may add to the chance of fire. In fact a fire is more likely than not and this danger seems to be inseparable from the petrol engine as we know it to-day.

After the war the Air Ministry was very concerned about the fire danger, and organised a competition with the object of finding a crash-proof petrol tank, or more accurately, a tank which however battered and deformed in a crash would still hold its petrol without leaking. Various designs of tank were tested at the Royal Aircraft establishment at Farnborough. They were dropped from a height on to concrete, they were bashed into all sorts of shapes, but apparently no tank presented a sufficiently good solution to the problem because to-day both service and civil machines are using the same old burstable tanks.

But lately the Royal Aircraft establishment has again been testing crash-proof petrol tanks and it has been reported that a satisfactory tank only slightly heavier than the normal has been evolved, and that certain R.A.F. machines are to be equipped with it. Probably even with crash-proof tanks the fire danger will not be completely eliminated. Petrol pipes and connections will always be liable to fracture and allow a comparatively small stream of petrol to escape, but this is a very different matter from the flood of petrol released when a tank bursts, and which may produce an uncontrollable blaze in a few seconds.

The heavy-oil engine supplies the answer to the fire danger. Instead of highly inflammable petrol these engines use crude oil directly injected into the cylinders and ignited there by compression. This oil is non-inflammable at normal temperatures, and does not give off the explosive gas which may be ignited by a spark. The use of heavy-oil engines would eliminate the fire risk.

Heavy-oil engines of Diesel type for aircraft are being developed in Germany and this country. The new Zeppelin *L.Z. 129* is to be powered with Daimler-Benz Diesel engines and

(*Continued on p.* 156)

A BLOW TO BRITISH HOPES: The Fairey Fantome, which carried an armament of four machine guns and a small cannon, seen as she was leaving the English coast for Belgium prior to competing with military aircraft of other nations for a contract offered by the Belgian Government. Unfortunately she crashed during her trials

RAGING INFERNO: The De Havilland Dragon, which had been specially chartered to take a number of people to the Spithead Review, seen after it had crashed and burst into flames when taking off from Heston Aerodrome. Two of the passengers were killed and six others had remarkable escapes. The cause of the disaster is not quite clear, but it was evidently the explosion of the petrol tanks that resulted in the rapid spread of the fire

A POSY OF PRETTY ONES

A Record of Some July Brides

IN A CRUSADER'S HOOD OF ORANGE BLOSSOM: Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, the daughter of Lord Winchilsea, was married to Mr. Whitney Straight, the young American millionaire and well-known racing motorist (*seen on right*)

LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S after the wedding on July 17—Lady Daphne wore a dress of brightest silver lame

A CAVALCADE OF BRIDESMAIDS, seasonably beflowered and wearing attractive net caps, who attended Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton at her marriage to Mr. Whitney Straight and helped to make St. Margaret's the scene of one of the most charming weddings of the month

SON OF A WELL-KNOWN SURGEON: Mr. Frederick Spicer was married to Miss Sheila Lee at All Souls, Langham Place. They are here seen leaving after the ceremony

A COUNTRY WEDDING: The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Pawle to Mr. William Alexander Anderson at St. Andrew's Church, Much Hadham, Hertfordshire

A RARE EVENT: The wedding which took place in the chapel of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, of Miss Rachel Kempson, the headmaster's daughter, and Mr. Michael Scudmore Redgrave, when cadets acted as attendants to the guests

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THE BRITISH LEGION DELEGATION IN GERMANY

Impressive Scenes During the Visit to Berlin

THE BRITISH FLAG FLIES OVER BERLIN: The Union Jack seen beside the German flag above the famous Kaiserhof Hotel which members of the British Legion Delegation to Germany made their headquarters during their stay. The party arrived on Sunday of last week and were accorded an enthusiastic reception

TO GERMANY'S UNKNOWN WARRIOR: Major Fetherston-Godley, leader of the British Legion Delegation, walking between Herr Oberlindober, the Reich leader of the War Victims' Service, and Colonel Reinhardt, leader of the Kyffhäuser League of Army Veterans, when he went to lay a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Hours before the ceremony the Unter den Linden was thronged with thousands of Berliners who had come to see the delegates whose visit was being hailed as an indication of mutual understanding between the fighting men of Britain and Germany

ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE VISIT: *Right*—Major Fetherston-Godley shaking hands with a member of the Kyffhäuser League of Army Veterans on Unter den Linden. *Left*—The delegates walking through the cemetery at Stahnsdorf where over a thousand Britons are buried. They died while imprisoned in camps in Germany during the war

REFUGEE

ONE of the pities of the French Republic is that the mental food of its citizens is so made up of travesty of fact. However much one may have been brought to associate a passion for truth with France, there can be small doubt but that a good deal of the trouble that assails the country derives from its studious, spoon-fed diet of inexactitude. A cynical public may not, *does* not loosely give credence; yet the country continues to be run—on inexactitudes.

Few more glaring instances could be cited of what is meant than the speculation ballyhoo. To listen to this, one would imagine the bulk of France's very grave financial difficulties to have been brought on by the speculator, and by the foreign speculator to boot. Here we get demagogy at its worst. It is a safe bet with Frenchmen (for has been up till now) that they have only to be told the foreigner is doing something inimical to their interests for them to forget most other things in a fresh onset of an ever-latent xenophobia. Playing the foreigner as villain is the drug par excellence; politicians have long thriven on it, as they are hoping to win through again this time. Yet that is no reason why the rest of us should share the myth that would be spread.

In order accurately to enframe the existing condition of international speculation, of which we are likely to hear increasingly as the year progresses and the gold bloc approaches its inescapable destiny, it is necessary to go back to the immediate post-war years culminating in the debacle of the franc in 1925–26. The big current effort in France, on the omnipotent Banque de France side, is to try and make the nation shiver at the prospect of a recrudescence of that nightmare time. "We have no Poincaré now," goes the loud lament, "so let us all pull together against the common enemy, la spéculation étrangère, before it is too late! Londres, Nu York, Amstairdam . . . they are trying to ruin us again, as they all but did ten years ago!"

Little comparison is possible between events as they fell out in the foreign exchange a decade since, and those supervening to-day. The whole world and his wife and mistress, and even the children (American) were speculating ten years ago. Gambling on the exchange grew to be the enfevered popular pastime of the day. Every country in and out of Europe succumbed, and every class of society, from the multi-millionaire to the boot-black—in Vienna I was once asked for a tip by a bootblack. Practically no restrictions existed. The various Bourses seemed to be just there for "playing the stock markets." It was all a wild uncontrolled scramble—an orgy of buying and selling, with few understanding the whys and wherefores, and fewer still alive to the conceivable future harvest.

No such picture confronts us in 1935. As good as dispersed, for a diversity of reasons, this great mass of little, one might say amateur speculators whose operations nevertheless mounted in the round to an enormous figure and worked corresponding effect. The speculating world has shrunk right away. Some countries are eliminated entirely. On account of the severe measures of control of foreign shares, it is impossible to speculate on the Berlin Vienna, or Milan Exchanges; and if that does not stop, say, a German transferring his activities to Amsterdam, or an Italian speculating via Brussels, it none the less emerges that international speculation to-day is pretty well limited to those markets which have not imposed restrictions, and such are growing fewer and fewer. As a result of the assault on the belga and on the franc both London and Paris have openly "discouraged" that stand-by of the professional speculator, namely, forward dealings—and the "discouragement" not only applies to gold but to foreign exchange also. In the United States something of a kindred attitude prevails.

Again, banks are far more chary about giving facilities for international speculation than they were in 1925. Most of them refrain from doing so save with regular clients. A sterner deterrent still has been the introduction of exchange equalisation funds.

One might say there are four leading actors in the foreign exchange drama: the Timid Rentier, the Professional Speculator, the Unfortunate Merchant, and the Exchange Equalisation Fund. Number three is a most important person, in fact he *was* the foreign exchange up to 1914. It is necessary perhaps to begin with him. For a hundred years before the war the foreign exchange market was mainly the concern of merchants doing business with merchants in other countries, with universal settlement in London, in gold pound sterling. The market was a straight-forward mechanism by which merchants exchanging goods between countries could also exchange the currencies they received in payment. Nowadays that pristine simplicity has become obscured by the wheels within wheels of speculative and financial transactions, by govern-

MONEY:

The Menace of the Speculators who Render the World's Exchanges Unstable, and of the Timid Rentiers who Panic with Their Money from Capital to Capital

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ment intervention, by this and that cross-current, by political chaos here or sudden improvement there. It is all dreadfully confusing for the poor merchant and that is why so many of his kind ardently desire stabilisation of the exchanges, even if export trade, were to be affected thereby.

To-day the foreign exchange market has swollen freakishly to a world-wide network of cables, wireless and telephone lines linking together the financial centres of the two hemispheres and the principal banking houses within those centres. The foreign department of a present-day bank includes a "traders' room" where operators sit before switchboards linking them with similar rooms in other banks. Over the telephone they buy and sell "exchange," orders coming to them from all departments.

Into such an intricate and specialized realm crashes he whom I have called the timid rentier, though some might label him the hoarder who panics with his money from one capital to another. What I would underline here is that this type is conveniently left out of account by Paris politicians, and by the supported or directed Press, in the (recurring) crusade to save the franc from the dastardly foreigner. Yet it is highly probable that in 1935 the nervous or egoistical individual who exports his capital to foreign countries in order to escape depreciation of his own national currency has more cumulative effect on the foreign exchange than your outright speculating syndicate or magnate, however occult and mighty. It is well known that the latest exodus of gold from the Bank of France was in great part due to the frightened French rentier, call him unpatriotic if you choose. And such as he is no speculator in the proper meaning of the term. Nothing would please him better than to leave his savings or lingots all his life beneath the Rue de la Vrillière.

So that we may lay here and now one portion of the "spéculation étrangère" ballyhoo. If the franc did things latterly, and will do so again, no need to look further in part explanation than this so-called "refugee money," liquid capital which has been waltzing round the world's financial centres in varying degree ever since the war, its owners permanently on the look-out for a safe niche. In fact the real battle of the exchanges lies between this "bad money" plus the forces of speculation on the one side and the policing influence of governments and of national banking institutions on the other.

JULY IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL: This man was overcome by the heat when sitting in a Paris boulevard café a few days ago. At the time the temperature was over 90 degrees

We pass to speculation pure and simple. Who are these ominous gamblers who are supposed to hold the fate of nations in their hands? What is the long and short of these mysterious groups and syndicates rarely out of the public imagination? The late Hugo Stinnes is held up as having been the arch-speculator of his time, yet there have been few prominent figures in this gallère, the reason being that secrecy and roundabout operating are vital, apart from the odium attaching to one stigmatised as heartlessly playing with the savings of the people.

Ample evidence lies to hand, whatever may be dramatised to the contrary in the French Chamber, that the sums involved in international speculation have fallen right away globally compared with the past, and that big operations are greatly reduced in number, as also are groups and syndicates and individuals. Every time a favouring speculative position arises, the specialist watchers of the market are apt to come up against the same names with respect to the bigger operations. However much they may seek to bury themselves away, these surviving gentry are pinned down and could be more adequately dealt with still if certain powers-that-be chose to pull up their socks. For example Paris, where deputies are constitutionally unable to keep their mouths shut, when they do not elect to open them in return for advantages received, Paris has long had the worst form of international speculation written all over it, and it is a curious commentary on the "save the franc" ballyhoo that Franco-Dutch groups are far and away in the lead to-day in "playing the markets" on the big scale.

For a long while it was the so-called "Balkan gang," likewise operating through Paris, that led the dance. This shadowy syndicate has now moved its headquarters to the Zuyder Zee, where it is said that powerful figures have of late been introduced from Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Again, there exists in Amsterdam a banking house of wide repute that is commonly understood to act as the channel of operations for one of the last remaining big syndicates, as there is a parallel institution by the Seine which never fails to do increased business when a wave of speculation sets in. In order to clean up a good deal of speculation on the foreign exchange the French need not go much farther than their own front door.

As to the degree of power still wielded by speculation, the influence on stocks and shares, opinion varies. One school holds that such influence remains potentially very great indeed. Others—and they seem to have right on their side—declare that speculation, without the large aid of surrounding circumstance, can do little or nothing off its own bat, and that governments are to-day armed in a manner rendering them fully capable of repulsing attacks on their currencies; certain sure and set technical measures can be taken (such as the ban on forward dealings). There is, in fact, proof and to spare that a purely speculative movement against the franc or anything else simply cannot make headway unless the currency attacked has been previously undermined by other causes. That is of itself a notable advance on ten years ago. If it be true that an official enquiry is afoot in Brussels with a view to uncovering the origin and workings of a speculative movement which, last March, was considerably responsible for five billion gold francs leaving the country, it has to be borne in mind that the Belgian franc was already very gravely menaced by economic standstill. Without that, the speculators could scarcely have got going. It is the same elsewhere.

If French finances had not been allowed to get into the hopeless state in which they are—hopeless in that it is no use now trying to imagine Laval in the rôle of a Poincaré, the latter having done his "saving" of the franc in flood times of international trade and commerce, when taxation was still possible besides compression, and all the world was pouring its tourist spending into France—if a dizzy waste had not been linked with a circulation of "the pot of roses" (graft and easy money) such as even the Republic had never before witnessed, if household hoarding and eternal Bank of France sitting-and-hatching-nothing had been intelligently taken in hand, if recurrent and increasing deficits had been honestly faced instead of being put aside for the next Finance Minister, if . . . but one could go on indecently to compete with Kipling's "ifs"!

The Bank of France, alone, must be almost capable of looking after the franc in as far as contemporary hostile speculation is concerned. Defensive intricacies on this foreign exchange market, which once was the simplified preserve of merchants and their bills, have even reached a point where governments can "talk down" their own currencies when these are mounting too high. The sum effect seems to be that international speculators constitute nothing like the force they once were, powerful though they still can be when a weakness offers upon which to pounce. Moral: if you would escape the speculator, attend to the weakness. A country attracts the speculators it deserves. It is hardly unjust or too harsh to say as much.

A LEGAL NOTABILITY: Maître Etienne Carpentier, who has been elected to succeed Maître Thorp as President of the Association of Paris Lawyers. He will take office next year

"BITING THE HAND THAT FED THEM": Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld, accompanied by her husband, leaving the police station where she identified one of the men who had attacked her at her house in the Parc Monceau district of Paris and who had attempted to steal a large sum of money. Her attackers were unemployed men she had befriended

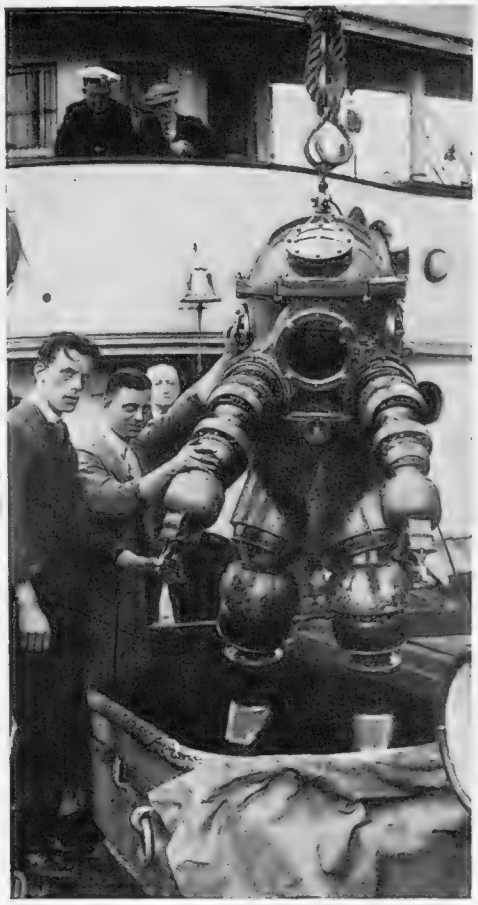
A FRENCHMAN OF DESTINY: Colonel de la Rocque (*left*), leader of the Croix de Feu movement, seen at the service held on the evening of Bastille Day at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier

ENGINEERING DEVELOPMENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD

The German Railways' Centenary Exhibition and Other Matters

HARNESSING THE UNRULY AVON: Automatic floodgates in course of construction near Tewkesbury to prevent the river from inundating the surrounding countryside after heavy rains. On the right is picturesque Abel Fletcher's mill, reference to which occurs in the famous novel, *John Halifax, Gentleman*

A LIGHTHOUSE AT LORD'S: This ingenious apparatus, which has recently been installed at the pavilion end of the M.C.C. ground, automatically announces to batsmen by means of an electric lamp the moment when the sunlight has failed sufficiently for it to be advisable to stop play



A SEARCH FOR SUNKEN TREASURE: Lowering a deep-sea diving-suit into the hold of the S.S. *Orphir*, the vessel which has been fitted out for an expedition to the wreck of the *Lusitania* for the purpose of retrieving valuables locked in the strong-room of the ill-fated liner

GOING ALOFT: An engineer making preparations for the demolition of one of the two 425-ft. steel masts which for over twenty-two years have towered above the Chelmsford works of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company and which in the early days were employed in the broadcasting of some of the first programmes from Station 5 XX

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT IN GERMANY: *Left*—An interior view of one of the new observation cars now being shown at the German Railways' Centenary Exhibition which was opened at Nuremberg on July 14 in the presence of Baron von Eltz-Rubenach, the Reich Minister of Transport. *Right*—A glimpse of the vast exhibition hall, showing in the centre one of the latest types of streamlined trains which have recently been putting up such remarkable performances

The Charm of THE LITTLE BACK GARDEN

THE CHILDREN'S FLOWER PLOTS, at St. John's-on-the-Green, were especially noticed by Her Majesty the Queen when, at the invitation of the London Gardens Society, she made a tour of some of the thousands of well-stocked East End gardens. Her Majesty was accompanied by Sir Wyndham Deedes, chairman of the Society

A GIFT FOR THE QUEEN: A mixed bouquet of flowers, grown by the children in their own plots, was presented to Her Majesty by a small gardener

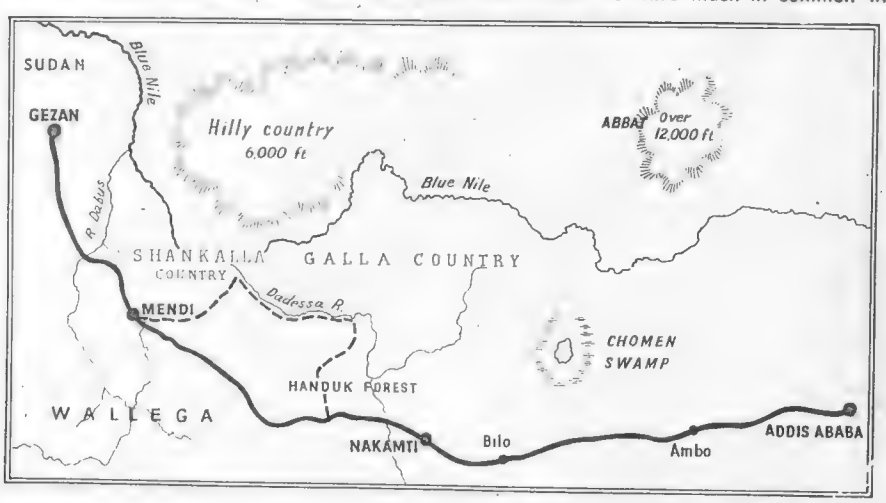
A RIOT OF FLOWERS in Mr. Gwenn's back garden in Sceptre Street, which was awarded Special Merit Medal in the All-London Championship of 1935. The Queen is here photographed with the owner of the garden, who has managed to make a really beautiful place of a small back yard

AN ARMY OF HOLLYHOCKS grown by Mrs. Thorndyke of Vallance Road, which were much admired by the Queen in the course of her tour. The London Gardens Society is an enterprising and active movement towards the beautifying of London by growing more flowers, especially in the poorer parts. Much work has been done in connection with children's associations (Girl Guides and Boy Scouts), hospitals, and among the owners of little back gardens and window-boxes which flourish all over London. An important part of the society is the information bureau which gives personal help and advice, sends out pamphlets and organizes lectures, while prize-exhibitions of home-grown flowers have done a great deal to encourage metropolitan gardeners

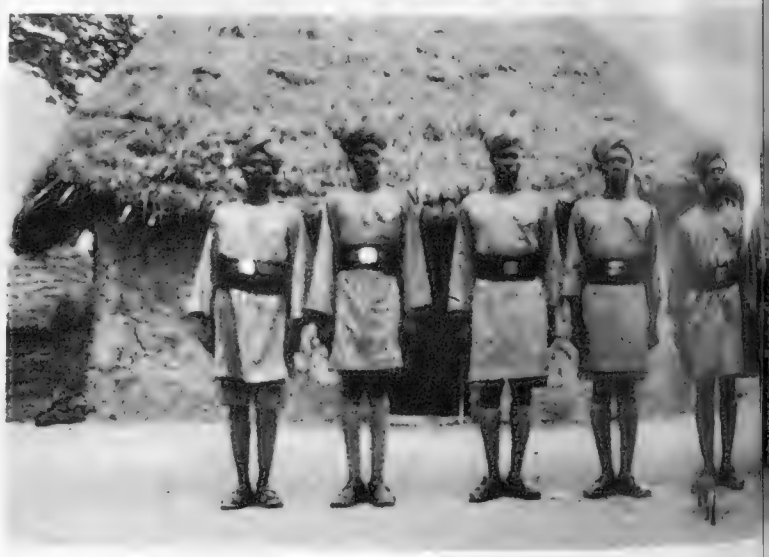
A RECORD LONDON VINE, which last year bore ninety-nine bunches of grapes, was closely inspected by Her Majesty the Queen, who congratulated its owner, Mr. Groves, on his success under difficulties

PEOPLE OF THE WESTERN PLATEAU: An interesting group taken in the jungle near Mendi, a trading post of growing importance on the great caravan route to Gezan. The woman is a Shankalla, a purely negro type and probably a pagan, while the youth with the skull cap is a Shoghali who has been converted to the Muhammadan faith. He belongs to a cheerful, independent, and extremely hospitable race that is said to have much in common with the Arabs of Southern Sudan

ON THE DADESSA RIVER: Scenery, surprisingly walk from Addis Ababa to Gezan, on the Sphere." The pictures on these two pages on the second half of the journey, which took



THE PATH OF ADVENTURE: A sketch map showing the main caravan track along which the two English travellers walked for the greater part of their journey from Addis Ababa to Gezan. Beyond Nakamti, however, they struck northwards (*see dotted line*) to the Dadessa River, which they followed for a considerable number of miles through difficult and uncharted country before making their way to the trading post of Mendi. Their progress was considerably facilitated by the fact that they had to carry few stores as "breads," a form of pancake; sour butter; baked beans; and "tej," a drink made from fermented honey, could be obtained from the natives encountered en route



GUARDIANS OF THE FRONTIER

TREKKING THROUGH ABYSSINIA

A Pictorial Record of a Journey from Addis Ababa to Gezan

English in character, encountered by the two travellers whose Sudan frontier, was described in last week's issue of "The illustrate the type of country and the type of people encountered the adventurers through a little-known part of western Abyssinia

SALAAM ALEIKUM": A Shoghali headman, who was extremely well disposed towards the English travellers, giving the customary Muslim greeting on their approach

ADVANCE GUARD: A Nagadi who always walks ahead of a caravan carrying the tent poles—an everyday scene, on the great western trade route to Gezan along which pass teams of mules and donkeys carrying coffee spices, pepper, and other merchandise to the markets of the Sudan. *On left*—Sacks of coffee about to be loaded on canoes for transportation across the Dabus River—one of the tributaries of the Blue Nile

An inspector and police Askaris at Gezan, the trading post on the Sudan frontier which the travellers reached at the end of their 400-mile trek from Addis Ababa

THE GOAL OF THE JOURNEY

A view of Gezan which has developed considerably during the past two years, in addition to a police post, now boasts a number of brick buildings, and a population of nine Europeans

MODERNITY AND MANTILLAS: A quartette of dark-eyed beauties in traditional and modern dress at a Seville bull fight. *On right*—An expert watches events in the ring with a critical eye

Ladies of Spain

And Other Camera Studies, Mostly Taken in the Bull Ring

"IS SHE NOT PASSING FAIR?" A lady of Seville whom the mantilla suits to perfection. *Below* — THE MULETEER: Such is his enthusiasm that he drives his team to the bull-ring to hear the latest news

THE FANDANGO

A charming pair of gipsy dancers swinging to the rhythm of the music under the limelight of the brilliant southern sun

CULT-HALLS OF PRIMITIVE MAN IN OLDENBURG

An Architect's Theory Concerning Ancient Stone Remains in Northern Germany

STONE GROUPING IN THE "KLECKERWALD," on which Professor Wille bases a new theory concerning the architecture of the pre-German man. He attacks the old view that the narrow rows of stones in the so-called "Hun tombs" of Brittany and Lower Saxony were merely boundaries, enclosing the deep stone grave at the end of the avenue, and contends that these outer stones were the bases of pedestal walls supporting a sloping roof. The grave he believes to have been the tomb of a priest or leader, whose roof-stone served as an altar for the Holy Fire. Such scenes of religious rites he calls "chapels"

THE "VISBEK BRIDE."—*Above, on left*—a vast stone grouping on a North German moor, which, when compared with old one-roomed houses, gave rise to Professor Wille's theory of ancient German cult-houses

TWO EXAMPLES OF OLD GERMAN SHEEP-SHEDS which to-day exist merely as stone groupings, but are here shown with thatched roofs, in the original manner, reconstructed by Professor Wille. From careful study of their stone pedestal-walls he has derived his theory as to the original construction of the old "Hun tombs"

AN ARCHITECT'S MODEL OF AN OLD GERMAN CULT-HALL: Two pictures illustrating Professor Wille's theory. On the left the entire roof is shown in reconstruction, similar in shape to that of the old sheep-sheds, and built of perishable material, while on the right a section of the roof has been removed to show the arrangement of the priest's grave with its altar. Considerable scientific research and excavation are needed before this new theory can be established as correct

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THE ASSYRIAN CHRISTIANS FIND A PERMANENT HOME

Scenes in the Upper Khabur, in the French Mandated Territory of Syria, where this Once Persecuted People is now being Settled on the Land with the Aid of Funds Supplied by the Government of Iraq

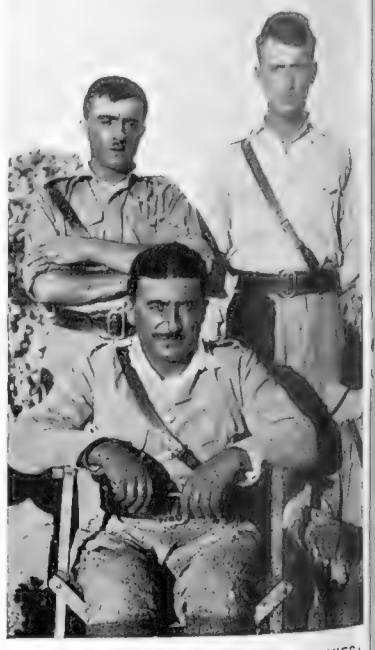
Above on left—TELL OUMH ARRAME: The little village of adobe huts in the Khabur region of North Syria where the French authorities have given leave to the Assyrians to settle on the land. These people, it will be remembered, assisted the Allies during the great war, but were rendered homeless and eventually given refuge in the newly constituted State of Iraq. When the British mandate over that country ended in 1932 the Arabs and Assyrians came into conflict and many hundreds of the latter were massacred. Attempts have since been made by the League of Nations to find a permanent home for this unfortunate minority, and it is only now that the whole matter has been settled. *Above*—A group of settlers

A TEMPORARY DWELLING

Settlers outside a shelter in which they lived for some weeks while they were engaged in building a hut

A NEW VILLAGE COMES INTO BEING: Diminutive mud huts. Iraqi Government. In the foreground are typical settlers who picturesque national costumes which many of them discarded

BEGINNING LIFE ANEW: Members of the League of Nations Commission which has recently been visiting the Khabur region, photographed on the site of one of the new villages where they saw the people engaged in brick-making and in building operations. The Assyrians are on the whole a hard-working and conscientious people and, although the moral of some of them has been destroyed by their years of hardship and persecution, the majority appear to be settling down in their new surroundings with little difficulty



OFFICERS OF THE ASSYRIAN LEVIES: Members of the efficient force which did such good work in Iraq during the days of the British Mandate

A VILLAGE RISES FROM THE SYRIAN PLAINS: The first party of Assyrians arrived in the Khabur district of French Mandated Syria in September of last year, and by the end of November they had completed the building of the adobe huts which housed at least half the 400 families which up till then had been living in tents. In the foreground can be seen some of the land which the French authorities ploughed up with tractors in order to assist the settlers

each having two cupolas and two rooms, built with money supplied by the in this case, it will be noted, are wearing European clothes instead of the when they became city dwellers at the conclusion of the great war

A sturdy group of Assyrian youngsters, some of whom show slightly Oriental characteristics, while others are more Occidental in appearance

REFUGEE CHILDREN

The problem of the Assyrian minority in Iraq, which has for so long exercised the attention of the League of Nations, at last appears to be solved now that a permanent home has been granted to these people by the French colonial authorities in Syria. The Assyrians belong to a fine, upstanding race that has fallen on evil times, but their misfortunes now seem to be over, and the future which lies before them is brighter than it has been for many hundreds of years. A history of their struggles has recently been written by Lieut.-Colonel R. S. Stafford under the title of *The Tragedy of the Assyrians* (George Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.). It is a most informative book, and can be confidently recommended to those who wish to study the subject in detail. The author, who was for several years Administrative Inspector in Iraq, has taken care not to allow his sympathy for these people to affect his judgment and has succeeded admirably in tracing the events of the past few years with scrupulous impartiality. He shows clearly that the moral of the Assyrians has in some cases been seriously undermined and that some of them as a result of persecution have acquired a "refugee mentality," preferring others to help them rather than to help themselves. Colonel Stafford, however, seems confident that in the end they will win through

THE FIRST DAYS IN THE UPPER KHABUR: A sea of tents on the plain where the settlers made their camp and where a village is now growing up which, it is hoped, will one day be the centre of a prosperous and highly developed agricultural region. One thing is certain they will have a better chance of gaining a livelihood in this region, only a few hundred miles from their original home than if they had been transferred, as was at one time suggested, to unfamiliar terrain in British Guiana or Brazil

A DRAMATIC MOMENT: Here Mr. Montague Dawson depicts one of the most interesting happenings on the second day of the King's visit to the Fleet, when H.M.S. *Rodney* (*centre*) defended herself against an attack from a "Queen Bee"—a wireless-controlled, pilotless machine that had been catapulted into the air from the deck of *Achilles*. In spite of the fact that the 'plane was a difficult mark as she dodged in and out of the low clouds, she was hit after only a few minutes firing, and a large piece of her fabric dropped into the sea. An eye-witness, in describing the death throes of the "Queen Bee," wrote: "In the *Nelson* the upper deck was hastily evacuated, as there seem might crash on her deck. But still she struggled on, and as she passed low large part of one wing was shot away close to the fuselage, and that the fu with splinters. One last effort did the gallant 'plane make to turn and gain great, and she seemed to fold up as she fell into the sea." The platfo picture is the deck of the aircraft carrier *Courageous*, while in the distance

"VICTORIA AND ALBERT" ROUNDS THE LINES OF THE ASSEMBLED FLEET: The King's yacht passing *Courageous* during her twelve-mile journey—another impressive momen Mr. Montague Dawson. *Courageous*, which was begun in 1915 and completed in 1917, was originally designed as a cruiser, but was converted into an aircraft carrier in 1928

there seemed danger that the machine assed low overhead one could see that a hat the fuselage itself had been riddled and gain height, but the strain was too The platform on the left of the above distance can be seen the Royal yacht

AN ARTIST at the NAVAL REVIEW

Pictures Specially Produced for "The Sphere" by Montague Dawson, the Well-known Marine Painter

e moment at the review depicted by n 1928 at a cost of over £2,000,000

A DUCKING IN THE DEEP: Men assisting one of their comrades back on to a picket boat after he had fallen overboard in choppy water outside Portsmouth Harbour—an incident at the Spithead Review, which fortunately had a happy ending

Pity the Poor House-master

A Survey of the Problems that Confront Him when Attempting to Cater for Fifty or Sixty Boys and at the Same Time Make Ends Meet

By CHARLES GRAVES

ON THE PLAIN

Kent's Lane, Eton, showing Evans's house on the right

WE are now at the end of July, and consequently of the Public School year, and house-masters all over the country, aided by their wives and possibly by a secretary or an accountant if they can afford one, are looking anxiously through their books to see whether they are up or down on their year's housekeeping. And in many cases they will find that they are out of pocket. The old tradition of "Pedagogue publicans" takes a lot of killing. There is no doubt, of course, that the house-masters at the twelve leading public schools made very comfortable sums every year before the war out of the boys. At one of these schools each house-master reckoned to make a comfortable £2,000 a year clear out of them. Given a tenure of fifteen years as house-master, that left him a pleasant £30,000 on which to enjoy his declining years. At the most expensive schools it was freely asserted that house-masters could be sure of retiring on anything over £50,000 if they held their job long enough. But that was in the good old days when fees were only a few pounds less than they are to-day, and when the present day ten-shilling note was worth a pound.

At one famous school the knowledge that the house-master was going to make a small fortune out of his charges was fully exploited by the governing body. As soon as an assistant master, who might be earning anything from £300 to £900 a year in that capacity, became a house-master his salary was docked to £150 a year. It was up to him to make the rest and, as I have said, he could make quite a lot.

To-day all that is changed. If a house-master at any of the leading twelve public schools has saved £5,000 on retirement he can count himself lucky. This, together with the £300 a year pension, does not leave much for a married man to live on. It is not surprising, therefore, if there is a growing tendency among public schools to arrange that the school takes the responsibility of making or losing money on the boys. In other words, so much is allowed to the house-master for each boy, and the latter has to see that he keeps inside those bounds of expenditure. To compensate him for all this he receives an extra salary of £500 or £750 a year, according to the size of the house. This means that he has about £1,350 a year on which to live. The advantage is that his own living expenses and those of his family and his household cost him nothing.

At a certain well-known public school with which I am familiar the house-master is allowed anything from £82 to £87 per boy per year. There is this local rule, however, that the houses are divided up into three classes—the smallest having a unit of forty boys; the medium-sized house having a unit of fifty boys: and the largest having a unit of sixty boys. For any over that number the house-master has to pay back to the bursar what almost amounts to a fine of £10 per boy per term.

Thus, for a house with sixty-six boys, the house-master receives sixty sums of £82 and six of £52. In consequence, therefore, he receives £5,220 in receipts from the parents. In view of the fact that he has to board them for only thirty-eight weeks in the year, it looks as though he is sitting financially pretty. As a matter of fact he is not.

To begin with, he has to pay rent at the rate of £12 10s. per boy boarder. This, together with the rates, at once produces on the debit side of the ledger a sum of £1,000. This will be a shock to many parents, who often express, in blissful ignorance, to house-masters their envy of being able to live in a beautiful house rent free.

Most public schools are distinctly barrack-like and need a great deal of electric light, coal and gas. In the case of a certain house-master at a famous public school who was only too glad to show me his entire accounts without reservation, the bill for lighting and heating varied from £73 in the summer term to £208 in the autumn term, and £131 in the Easter term, bringing us to a grand total of £412.

It probably does not occur to parents that they never have to pay the laundry bill of their boys while at school. At any rate they do not at the one which I have selected as my example. Well, the house-master has to reckon on footing a laundry bill of £310 a year.

These three items are all small compared with the main charge—that of provisions. Although he ordered his fish direct from Grimsby; though he bought most of his groceries from a wholesale house in London; and though he purchased his meat in bulk from the local butcher who was by no means extortionate, his provisions cost him for his sixty-six boarders, his staff of fifteen, and his wife and himself, £2,120 for the year.

Mention of the servants brings one at once to his wages bill. There are six men servants including three buttery boys; there are three dormitory maids; there are a butler and three maids in his own house; there are also a cook and an assistant cook. These servants have to be kept all the year round. During the holidays they are on board wages. It is not surprising that the wages bill comes to £702. In addition, there are £100 a year that have to be paid for the Matron of the house.

Those are the main expenses. In addition, the house-master has to reckon on a bill of at least £50 a year from the sanatorium; for, when his boys are sick, he has to pay for them. A similar sum must be set aside for petty cash and stamps. Think of all the letters he has to write to parents when they write to him, and at the end of each school term when he encloses the boys' reports.

The replacement of glass, china, and cutlery is not so much as you might think, boys being what they are, but in the course of a year about £40 is needed to cover this amount. This house-master for some reason only known to himself has included his telephone account with his lighting and heating bill, so that is accounted for. The men servants' jackets have to be replaced every so often. There is also the annual tax on men servants. These two items bring us another £30 nearer to his total receipts.

Each year he spends about £30 on the House library. We are now within £200 of his gross receipts. Dish cloths, tea cloths, the replacement of blankets (the boys in this instance provide their own sheets and pillows) add another considerable sum to his overhead. The replacement of beds, or rather cubicles, is a continuous minor expense. There is also a sum which varies from year to year which he was rather shy about mentioning. This is the interest on the money metaphorically lent to parents of boys who find themselves unable temporarily to meet their son's bills. In the long run the parents invariably pay, but it happens on occasions that the payment is not in full. Some arrangement is made whereby the bulk of the money owing is paid. In other instances, as I say, the house-master "carries" the boy for considerable periods. There are also, of course, the invariable small expenses which come under the general heading of incidentals.

"The fact remains," said this house-master, "that by the most careful housekeeping on the part of my wife and myself I have managed these past few years to keep to within anything from £15 to £20—never more and seldom less—of the money allocated to me. House-masters in other schools, when I have told them of our domestic arrangements, have expressed the greatest envy of them. I can well understand it. In 1923, the year before this new scheme was adopted, I was actually £300 out of pocket on the year. Pedagogue publicans indeed! As for the war years, they were an absolute nightmare. As you remember, food was very difficult to get. The prices varied enormously. But after all, the boys had to be fed, and fed well, being at the growing period. Being unfit to fight myself I regarded it as my contribution to the country to run the House at a loss to myself."

To-day the cost of living is of course much cheaper than it was even six of seven years ago, nevertheless, anyone who thinks that it is profitable to be a house-master at a rich school, or rather a school for the sons of rich men, is greatly mistaken. It has almost reached the point, indeed, at the schools where the governing body has not taken over the responsibilities of the house-masters, that you want to have a private income to be a house-master just as much as if you were in the Brigade of Guards. Nor are things likely to get any better. Whatever the newspapers may say about the increasing popularity of public schools as places of education, the fact remains that there is not a public school in the country which cannot take new boys, and which will be glad to take new boys this very next year.

What a contrast that is to only a few years ago, when parents had to write down their sons' names for their old school literally within a year or two of their birth. The reason is not far to seek. We have now reached the stage where the young men of twenty-five to thirty who were killed in the war would now be sending their boys to the public schools. Those young men died childless—a whole generation was wiped out—and it is only now in the year 1935 that the great public schools are beginning to feel it. Naturally, the house-masters are also involved. One does not want to become a profiteer in schoolboys, but it seems hard that the average house-master—usually someone with a distinguished academic career—should have to retire at the age of sixty-five or seventy on £500 a year and his memories.

ON THE HILL

The Grove—one of the larger houses at Harrow

Restoring Eltham Palace

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE FOR AN HISTORIC BUILDING: Eltham Palace, once a favourite residence of the Kings of England, as it is to-day—a picture showing the remarkable scheme now being carried out for Mr. Stephen Courtauld, which includes the restoration of the Great Hall (*left*), the erection of a modern house (*right*), the bridging of the sunken garden, and the demolition of a number of rather ugly houses put up on the site in the Victorian era. The first palace was built by the Bishop of Durham at the end of the thirteenth century, but of this few traces remain as the Great Hall was almost completely rebuilt by Edward IV in the year 1479. The place was still largely intact at the time of the Commonwealth, but in subsequent years it gradually fell into disrepair

IN THE GEORGIAN MANNER: A section of the new house which Mr. Courtauld is having built on to the end of the palace and which harmonises remarkably well with the architecture of the Great Hall

DRIFTING TO DECAY: The Great Hall as it was a few years ago when Mr. Courtauld decided to rescue it and to demolish the buildings seen on the right. Note how the moat had become overgrown

"SUNK ARE THY BOWERS IN SHAPELESS RUIN ALL, AND THE LONG GRASS O'ERTOPS THE MOULD'RING WALL": An old engraving showing the palace as it was at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when it was gradually becoming a ruin

AS the pictures on this page reveal, it is now possible to appreciate the extent of the restoration that is being carried out at Eltham, and to gain some idea of what the appearance of the place will be when the task is completed. As in all such work there are gains and losses, and while some may regret that the place has lost something of its ancient "patina," all must concede that we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Courtauld for extending the life of this beautiful and historic building. A few days ago Her Majesty the Queen showed her interest in the work by a personal visit to the Palace

RETURNING TO ITS PRISTINE GLORY: The Great Hall, with its hammer-beam roof, which is being converted into a music room and, when completed, will be open to the public on certain days. The work is being carried out under the direction of Mr. J. W. Hopkins, M.V.O., who, it may be remembered, was also responsible for the restoration of St. George's Chapel, Windsor

Holiday Luggage

Of our Victorian Ancestors

By FRANK HIRD

FOR FRILLS AND FLOUNCES the Victorian lady of fashion required a small portable trunk covered with calf-skin and studded with brass-headed nails, while her more cumbersome luggage was contained in a weighty wooden box equipped with castors, and strengthened with iron-clamped slats of wood

WHEN Esther Summerson in *Bleak House* was taken from Windsor to Miss Donny's boarding school at Greenleaf her "boxes were lifted to the coach roof." Six years later, a "young gentleman who had inked himself by accident," and whose name Esther learnt afterwards was Guppy, superintended the removal of those boxes from the Reading coach when she arrived in London for her interview with the Lord Chancellor.

Esther's boxes in those early days of Queen Victoria's reign exemplified the usage to which travellers' luggage in the time of coaches and in the beginning of the railways was subjected. On the coaches the luggage was carried on the roof in between the front- and back-seat passengers. At each stopping-place a pair of wooden runners, down which the luggage of departing travellers was slid to the ground, was placed against the side of the coach. The angle of descent was acute, giving the boxes such momentum that they reached the bottom with a crash. Esther's boxes, therefore, would be like all those of her contemporaries—made of thick wood with stout slats of wood over the curved top and along the sides, the ends of which were clamped to the box by iron or brass plates. These plates, according to the purse of the traveller, were plain or elaborately moulded as those in the illustration of the box of 1840–1850.

Some of the heavier boxes were provided with castors so that they could be moved about a room or along passages without lifting—a back-breaking process when they were full. But no matter the degree of the traveller, these heavy wooden boxes were always corded, since the stoutest locks would not always stand the sudden strain of arrival on the ground with a bang, from the top of a coach, and a burst lock might mean an inn yard being strewn with female garments to the ribald delight of ostlers and passengers, and to the overwhelming confusion of the unfortunate dame or damsel who had to collect them.

In the early days of the railways, luggage ran an even greater risk of damage: it was thrown out of the trains on to the platform.

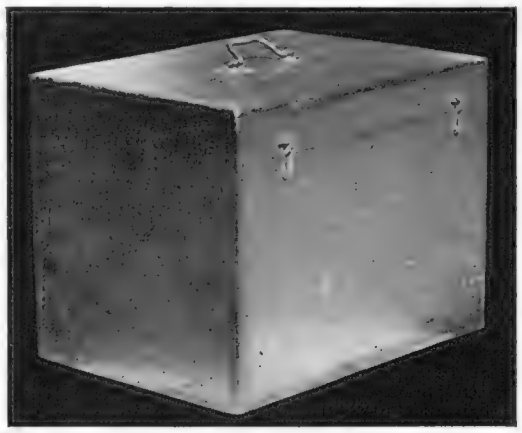
Some of these wooden boxes were covered with black leather on which were elaborate designs in round-headed brass nails, a combination of utility and decoration, the nails strengthening the top and sides. But whether of plain wood or leather-covered, all these boxes were lined with wall-paper, a freak of fashion for which no explanation can be found. The insides of the tops of children's boxes were decorated with scraps.

An inheritance from the coaching days, which continued far into the railway time, was the trunk of calf-skin, tanned only upon one side, the hair, unlike the fleece on Father O'Flynn's famous sheepskin, being on the outside. They were light and strong. A small size, as in the illustration, was greatly favoured by ladies for taking handkerchiefs, stockings, laces, shawls and other fallals, because they could be slipped into the boot of a coach, or upon the luggage rack in a railway carriage. Use certainly gave these trunks a moth-eaten appearance as the hair gradually wore away, but their resilience made them practically unbreakable.

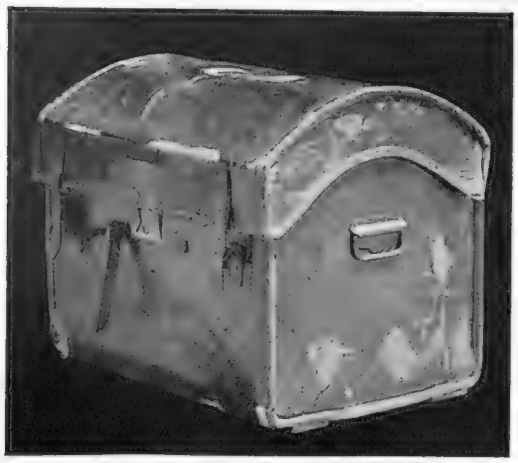
A FLOWERY LINING of wallpaper and a lid divided into compartments

Feminine fashions decreed the shape of boxes and trunks. After the introduction of the crinoline by the Empress Eugénie in the early 1850s, together with the numerous petticoats and voluminous dresses the crinoline supported, the heavy wooden boxes disappeared. The reason was twofold. They would have had to be bigger and heavier still to take women's increased wardrobe, and the railway charges for excess weight added largely to the expenses of travelling. Hence the invention of the tin trunk, japanned outside either light or dark brown, but invariably green within. They were light, easily handled, and if they were as easily dented this was to the advantage of the trunkmakers whose wares hitherto had lasted a lifetime and longer. The tin trunks were always corded in case of accident, and likewise to make robbery in transit difficult.

Packing in the days of the crinoline was a tedious process. A crinoline with its immense circular steel at the bottom, and its steel circles rising to the top in diminishing circles, would have required a box as round as its biggest circumference. The steels, therefore, were all drawn out and placed at the bottom of the trunk, edge upwards, being wound round and round gradually from the outside to the centre. This required care, and a young lady in



A VICTORIAN "JACK-IN-THE-BOX": An important part of a lady's luggage containing sufficient space for twelve pork-pie hats



FOR GOING ABROAD the lighter "overland trunk" was used; it had outside and inside coverings of black leather and canvas, and iron handles

With the wooden boxes and tin trunks there was the portmanteau, a form of luggage which had existed for centuries. Originally in a form suitable for carrying behind the rider on a horse's back, it became an oblong stiff leather case, varying in many sizes, but always opening like a book with hinges in the middle of the back. This was generally used by men, together with a hideous and unpractical piece of luggage known as a carpet-bag which was made of a piece of carpet. Its shape was that of the modern kit-bag, the carpet being stitched to a metal top that opened and could be locked. This piece of male luggage gave birth to the word "carpet-bagger," a contemptuous description amongst local gentry of a man who stood for a country constituency in which he had no personal interest. Disraeli was so described when he first stood for Parliament.

THE SCHOOL TRUNK of 1850, made of wood clamped with brass

As tin trunks superseded wooden boxes, so the Gladstone bag, a small replica of the portmanteau, ousted the carpet-bag because the latter was not rainproof, but perhaps chiefly because it had come to be regarded as a sign of poverty. The Gladstone bag held its own for years until in late Victorian times the now universal suit-case made its appearance.

THE VICTORIAN SCRAP COMPLEX extended even to the decorating of the insides of trunks

The increase in foreign travel and more particularly the opening of the overland route to India by way of Marseilles and Brindisi, brought another change in feminine luggage, the overland trunk. Of stout canvas stretched upon a wooden frame strengthened with battens, and covered with black leather, it combined resistance to railway and quay-side porter, with lightness, and although originally designed by the trunk-makers for the overland traffic, hence its name, speedily passed into general use, its domed top which took "last minute" things after the trunk was packed, making it popular.

(*Continued on p.* 156)

DECORATING the "QUEEN MARY"

Three Women Artists at Work on Designs for the Giant Liner—Eric Newton's Mosaic for the Royal Naval School

A DIFFICULT MEDIUM: Eric Newton (*right*), the art critic and painter, at work on the mosaic he is making for the Royal Naval School—the institution which, it may be remembered, was transferred two years ago from its old home at Greenwich to Holbrook, Suffolk

Special "Sphere" picture by A. Console

A TALENTED PAIR: Doris Zinkeisen (*above*) and Anna Zinkeisen (*right*) at work in their studios where the former is engaged in painting panels for the "cabaret bar" and the latter is preparing a decorative scheme for the ballroom of the *Queen Mary* which is now nearing completion. Both sisters are equally well known in the art world, and while Anna has excelled particularly as a poster artist, Doris has achieved distinction as a designer of scenery for plays

A FLOATING COMMISSION

Agnes Pinder Davis, an artist well known for her pictures combining metal and oils, who is now engaged on the decoration of the starboard lounge of the *Queen Mary*

Special "Sphere" picture by A. Console

MASQUES AT THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE: Dancers in Ben Jonson's *Chloridia* which was presented last week with Milton's *Comus* (Nini Theilade in centre). The piece was originally written for Queen Henrietta Maria and acted by her and the ladies of her court at "Shrove-time" in the year 1630

PLAYS *and* BALLET

"Chloridia" and "Comus" provide Interesting Fare at the Open Air Theatre : A Novelty at Covent Garden : A. R. Rawlinson gives a New Treatment to a Familiar and Romantic Stage Situation

By PHILIP PAGE

WHAT would those pessimists who a few years ago were bewailing that the British drama was moribund and film-ridden, suitable only for very low-brows and soon to descend to brows that are lower still, have said concerning the prospects of an entertainment composed of a couple of seventeenth-century masques? In the open air, too.

For there's the rub; English poets are usually good, but English summers are usually bad. One can choose the poets but not the summers. Mr. Sydney Carroll has this year been both plucky and lucky at his Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park. His authors have so far been Shakespeare, Milton, and Ben Jonson (a not unworthy trio), and it has not rained on them—much. On a particularly glorious afternoon did I see Ben Jonson's masque, *Chloridia*. The sunshine suited it; *Chloridia* and limelight suggest an unpleasant and even dangerous chemical combination. Even so, that which was mechanical and had to serve as Nature's aid—i.e. the loud-speakers—seemed incongruous, though one cannot doubt their necessity; they still frequently result in some sentences being bellowed forth and others remaining almost inaudible, though on the whole they work well.

Chloridia was worth taking down from the shelf. On the advice of a revered colleague who declared that it "reads better than it acts," I read it before seeing it—and disagree with him profoundly. The turgid classicism of the printed page is most dreary. Mr. Robert Atkins, the producer, has made it a strange yet wholly attractive mixture of ballet, burlesque, musical comedy, and poetic drama. Never mind about the so-called plot, which deals with an alluring Cupid, in the person of Miss Joan French, who encounters in the nether regions—Cupid was there owing to a squabble with Mamma Venus—the equally alluring Miss Pamela Stanley, who takes the part of—what a character!—the "Postillion of Hell." This must be the sole surviving postillion in the country, except those employed by Royalty and Lord Lonsdale.

Good fun, and much of it extremely beautiful. Excellent singing by Miss Sybil Evers and Miss Nora Colton and better dancing by Miss Nini Theilade. Miss Theilade also appeared with Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry and Mr. Leslie French in the more familiar masque *Comus*. For certain portions of this "Coma" would be a more apt title.

"Les Cent Baisers."—The Russian Ballet at Covent Garden have hitherto in their supremely successful season relied on their old repertoire, a wise policy when one considers how admirable at least 80 per cent. of that repertoire is.

At last they have presented a novelty, *Les Cent Baisers*, with music by Baron Frederic d'Erlanger, who thus combines ballet and banking with easy grace. There is no reason why the Baron should not write good music just because he is a banker—music as well as banking, it may be recalled, ran in the Mendelssohn family—and he does, in fact, write good music. He has already composed, among other things, an opera, *Tess*, and a large-scale choral work, and is an amateur only in the best sense of the word.

His music to *Les Cent Baisers* is facile, easy flowing stuff, rather after the style of Tchaikowsky, yet not lacking originality. The scoring is like the composer, rich and pleasing and decorative.

From the technical point of view Mlle Nijinska's choreographic version of Hans Andersen's fairy-tale of the Princess who was kissed by a swineherd who was a prince in disguise is, I have no doubt, perfect in that it exploits to the full the proficiency of her dancers. Ballet must be conventional; it cannot be realistic in the sense that the spoken drama can be realistic.

But as long as a story of sorts exists there must surely be some attempt at mimetic interpretation of it. By refraining almost entirely from any such attempt Mlle Nijinska occasionally brought her ballet perilously near the ludicrous. The Prince, for instance, has to offer the Princess a rose. Instead of merely doing this with graceful and ballet-like gestures, he danced with much energy and at great length with the rose in his hand, which cannot have been much fun for the Princess had she really wanted that rose, and would certainly be bad for any flower.

Again, the Princess repulses her suitor and shuts the door in his face. He is supposed to be overwhelmed with grief. Does he show his state of mind in any intelligible way? Not at all. He leaps in the air ecstatically, turns round and round like a tee-to-tum and, if he represents any emotion at all, I would have said that he had just drawn the winning horse in the Calcutta Sweep.

However, dancing is, of course, primarily what ballet enthusiasts set out for to see, and the dancing was almost immaculate. M. Lichine has all the virtues of grace, swiftness, and joyous athleticism, and Mlle Baronova can spin and spin *and* spin with frightening energy. There are better things a dancer can do than to spin; but this is Mlle Baronova's speciality, and as it always produces thunderous applause the temptation to indulge in it must be irresistible. Indeed, thunderous applause greeted the whole of this ballet. At the fall of the curtain flowers and fruits were piled upon the stage in quantities which must have taxed the resources of the market round the corner.

THE POSTILLION OF HELL: Pamela Stanley (*right*) as a dwarf in Ben Jonson's masque, *Chloridia*

"This Desirable Residence."—*This Desirable Residence*, by A. R. Rawlinson, looks like joining that long list of plays which have come from the Embassy Theatre to sojourn for a considerable time in the more profitable if less salubrious regions of the West End. It is now at the Criterion, a desirable residence for plays of this type—near the station, every modern convenience, select neighbourhood, hot and cold water, and a church thirty yards away.

Mr. Rawlinson has cleverly set out to show that the unhappy ending, of traditional use, may be a sensible and even a happy solution of a real problem. He has, in short, given a new treatment to a familiar and romantic stage situation. In a play called *Secrets*, in which Miss Fay Compton gave a lovely performance a few years ago, a young girl defied a Victorian father by marrying one of his clerks; she stuck to her man through thick and thin (but mostly thick), so that the pair ended up by Darby-and-Joaning it all over the place mighty prettily.

In *This Desirable Residence* the Victorian father is not defied; that is to say he stops the elopement in far-off 1885, and the young man seeks and wins his fortune without the girl of his heart, who, in fact, soon drops out of his life altogether. She lives on through the generations in the Victorian

(*Continued on p.* 156)

GOOD MELODRAMA AT THE HAYMARKET

Oscar Homolka, the Austrian actor, who takes the part of a Socialist agitator, and Flora Robson in *Close Quarters*, the play with only two characters which has now been transferred to the West End after a successful trial run at the Embassy

THE MONTGOLFIERS' GREAT EXPERIMENT

The Ascent of Their Balloon in 1783 Reconstructed for the New B.I.P. Film, "The Dubarry," which is Now Being Made at Elstree

THE FIRST AERIAL TRAVELLERS: Madame Dubarry (played by Gitta Alpar, the beautiful Hungarian actress) standing beside the Montgolfier balloon as a duck and a sheep are placed on board preparatory to the ascent from the gardens of Versailles—a dramatic episode in the British International film, *The Dubarry*. *On right*—The balloon, which is an exact copy of that made by the Montgolfier brothers in 1783, being prepared for its flight

A RED-LETTER DAY IN WORLD HISTORY BROUGHT TO LIFE ON THE SCREEN: Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court look on as the balloon is about to set out on its ascent. It was as a result of this and several other experiments made in the year 1783 by the brothers Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, paper-makers of Annonay, that the attention of Europe was at once turned to the possibility of aerial travel. The balloon was raised by the gas resulting from the combustion of moist straw and wool, and on the flight depicted here remained aloft for a considerable time

THE KING LOOKS ON

Owen Nares as Louis XV—one of the leading characters in this picture which, although it takes considerable liberties with history, bids fair to be highly entertaining

To the delight of the assembled courtiers the balloon makes a perfect ascent. An epoch-making event vividly reconstructed at Elstree

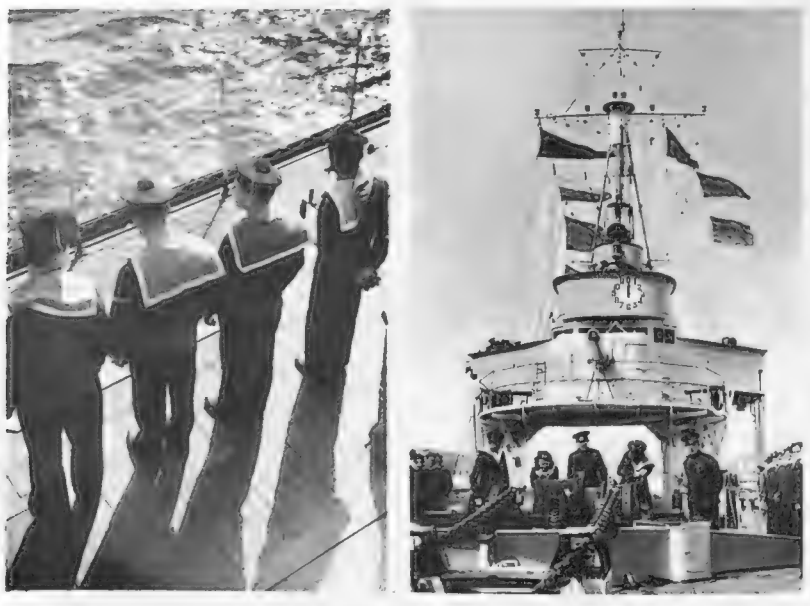
THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH

THE FRENCH FLEET AT BREST

For the Review Held by the Minister of Marine

MAKING CONTACT: A sailor on one of the French cruisers signalling to another vessel during the naval review held a short while ago off Brest in the presence of M. Pietri, the French Minister of Marine. Nearly sixty ships were assembled

WEIGHING ANCHOR: A scene on a battleship of the French fleet as it was about to put out to sea for the manœuvres which were arranged to be held at the Raz de Sein on the day following the review at Brest, but were eventually abandoned on account of heavy fog off the coast



AT FRANCE'S DISPLAY OF NAVAL MIGHT: *Left*—Sailors lined up on deck as they passed the ship on which the Minister of Marine took the salute. *Right*—A view of the deck of the *Gerfaut*, one of the Flotilla Leaders

THE NAVY SHOWS ITS FANGS: H.M.S. *Renown* (*foreground*) engaged in target practice during the naval exercises carried out in the presence of the King on the day following the Spithead Review. The accuracy of the firing was remarkable, and the percentage of hits was considerably greater than was anticipated

The Lessons of Spithead

The Review Demonstrates the Efficiency of the Senior Service, a Factor that is Doing Much to Counteract the Evils of Naval Limitation

By LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENNETH EDWARDS

THE JUBILEE REVIEW of the Fleet at Spithead gave ocular demonstration of the manner in which the sea defences of the Empire have been neglected in recent years. There were present a large number of ships, but more than half of this number were essentially non-combatant units or aged beyond the years accepted by international consent as marking the limit of useful life of warships. There were ships at Spithead which would certainly have been replaced long since were it not for the one-sided clauses of the Naval Treaty of London. There were ships present which, although they would prove an asset for years to come for purposes of trade and coast defence, must find their way to the shipbreaker's yard within eighteen months under the terms of that Treaty. And this in spite of the fact that it is now acknowledged in high places that the whole system of naval limitation as at present understood will cease to exist at the end of next year. In other words, fine ships must be sacrificed to a dead god because we have given our bond.

An analysis of the material of the fleets assembled at Spithead shows how far the greatest maritime Empire in the world has disarmed her maritime forces in the hope that others would follow suit. But they have not done so. In fact every other naval power is even now effecting large increases. Thus the lesson of Spithead is that we must face the fact that provision must be made without further delay for the replacement of ships past their work as first line units.

A close observer on board the ships would have noticed that their complements are made up largely of boys and ordinary seamen, and that many ships were manned to a large extent by reservists. The large percentage of boys and young ordinary seamen—men only partly trained—is directly due to the very large reduction in entries four years ago. This has led to a shortage of fully trained men to-day which is a very serious matter.

But the real lesson of Spithead is one of admiration for the way in which the Navy has survived neglect and set itself to counteract deficiencies in material and in numbers by setting up a higher standard of efficiency. Everyone who saw the review and the illuminations which followed must have been struck by the co-ordination and discipline with which they were carried out. It is no mean feat

(*Continued on p. 156*)

TAKING OVER: Rear-Admiral R. C. Davenport inspecting a guard of honour on arrival last week at Rosyth, on the Firth of Forth, to replace Rear-Admiral E. J. Hardman-Jones in the post of Commanding Officer, Coast of Scotland

IN SEARCH OF SIMPLICITY

After a Brilliant but Strenuous Season—
What to wear on an Early Autumn Cruise

ON DECK this classically tailored suit in light grey flannel would win universal approval. The coat is single-breasted, with two slit pockets, the skirt has an inverted pleat at the back and front, and the price is 3½ guineas in the Suit and Ensemble Department at Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, London, W. It is also made in an excellent mid-grey and in beige

SHORE EXCURSIONS. A skirt, open at the hem and with a tuck right down the front; a wide belt with a square cork button; a swagger coat—and one is perfectly equipped. Both the skirt and the coat cost 39s. 6d. each. Made in a fancy weave knitted wool in white, navy, sky, golden-yellow, or brown, they come from Harrods of Knightsbridge, where the shirt and slacks shown below complete a very correct ensemble

ASHORE OR AFLOAT. Here is a well-planned outfit that will save lots of time and trouble. The well-cut slacks are finished with a wide belt and cost 32s. 6d. The shirt is in the same fancy weave knitted wool, with cork buttons, and the price is 21s. 9d. This completes the outfit above, on right

GALA NIGHTS mean evening dresses that show no signs of travelling and that will emerge uncrushed from overcrowded trunks. This tunic frock is made in a warm beige cloqué silk that would look beautiful against a sun-tanned skin. Pleats hold the fullness of the train, and a knot of silk flowers in apple green, orange, and a peaty brown are worn on the corsage. This model comes from Marshall and Snelgrove

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

THREE years ago the Ford Motor Company introduced their V8 model, and sold it at a price which literally staggered the motoring world. Its performance in those days was remarkable, but ever since its introduction the manufacturers have never ceased to improve wherever possible, yet prices came down. It is not long since the present edition of this remarkable car made its appearance, and even to the eye it was obvious that great advances had been made. In outward appearance the body lines are modern, but they are not futuristic. The car is faster, the controls are definitely better, and the comfort and seating accommodation are improved almost beyond recognition. The chief feature of the latest model is the new position of the engine, which has been placed forward about 8 ins. Although I, personally, don't think that this position improves the appearance of any car, still the Ford Motor Company have evolved a design for the front of their car which greatly minimises the tendency to ugliness which this forward engine position usually creates. The advantages of this layout from the practical side are immense, for it allows the occupants of the car to be all seated in comfort, well between the axles.

The car on the road is fantastic, and driving it is practically a new experience to those who have not driven one before, even if they have been used to driving other cars. It has been said that driving a Rolls-Royce is not motoring in the ordinary sense of the word but "Rolls-Roycing," so it might equally be stated that driving a Ford V8 is "Fording." The acceleration is terrific, and in these days of traffic congestion it is the feature which appeals to me most. There are very few roads which are straight enough to allow a driver to pass another one in front if anything at all is coming in the opposite direction. With a Ford V8 I found that I could, with the utmost safety, overtake two or three times as frequently as I would had I been driving any other car that I have handled recently. To quote an actual figure, it is possible to accelerate to 50 m.p.h. from a standstill in just under 11 secs. The result of this commendable acceleration is that very fast averages can be put up without driving the car anywhere near its limit of speed.

I was fortunate in having an engagement on the Broads at the week-end when the car was given to me to test so that my journey took me up the Newmarket Road and then on to Norwich. I doubt if there is a straighter road of the same length to be found in this country with less traffic on it. Without the slightest effort and with the greatest comfort I found myself covering mile after mile with the speedometer needle pointing to seventy. I like speed only when there is a reasonable degree of safety about it so that I would not have travelled at over a mile a minute had I not convinced myself that the brakes were up to their work, and I would like to mention here that this feature of the car has been greatly improved as compared with older models.

As regards the actual controls I found them all delightfully light to work. The steering is definite, easy to turn but, of course, is lower geared than that usually found on British cars. The gear lever comes nicely to hand and the clutch-pedal only requires a very slight pressure to depress it.

As regards the accommodation for the occupants this is extremely roomy, comfortable, and the upholstery is finished in the usual plush-like material that is generally provided in cars eminating from America or Canada. Personally, I prefer leather but our friends across the ocean say that leather shines the clothes of the occupants. It is only a small point, but I would like to pass a special word of praise to the designers and makers of this car for the way that they illuminate their instrument-board during the hours of darkness. There is absolutely no glare, yet all the gauges, with their details, are instantly visible. It would be nice if cars made in this country could have something similar.

After having driven this car over 300 miles it makes me wonder why British designers and manufacturers do not attempt to produce a car having a large engine in a very light chassis. I expect I shall be told that the tax on such a car would interfere with its sale, but the answer to that is, look at the number of V8 Fords on the road. I do not wish to suggest that the results which the Ford V8 give are due solely to the power-weight ratio because that would not be true. The design adopted, which is unusually clever and well carried out contributes very materially to the car's performance. The only remark I can pass regarding the price, which is £210 for a standard saloon, is that it is ridiculously cheap. Even at £450 an owner would get good value for his money.

A SHORT CUT: The new ferry-boat which plies for service on Loch Leven between North and South Ballachulish, Argyllshire. It is a great advantage to motorists using the newly reconditioned road from Glencoe to Fort William

A QUEEN OF THE AIR: Miss Joan Meakin (with dog), the heroine of the recent towed glider flight from Germany to England. Standing behind her is Sir Alan Cobham's parachutist, Al Harris, and some friends. Her glider, *Youth*, and the new Ford V 8 provide a fitting background for the group

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS: Workmen are now busy trimming the cliffs at Esher, Surrey, in order to enable the road, which is particularly narrow at that point, to be widened

Lord Nuffield is determined to meet American competition in the overseas market, and accordingly his firm, Morris Motors, Limited, have introduced four new big six-cylinder Morris cars. Lord Nuffield has carried out many world tours and thus has a personal knowledge of the target at which he aims. He is a man who is accustomed to do big things and frequently unusual things, and when the public examine these new cars they will be forced to the conclusion that at last this country is making a determined effort to capture the big car market overseas. The prices of these new cars almost take ones breath away, because nothing like such good value has previously been offered in the British motor car market. The new Morris cars range from 16 to 25 h.p., and are big five-seater models which in appearance break away entirely from the usual style of large British cars. The engines are of 16, 18, 21 and 25 h.p., and each distinct model is available with a saloon or coupé body. Great care has been taken to give the maximum vision to the driver and occupants, thus ensuring the maximum of safety. All passengers are seated within the wheel-base and their comfort is further provided for by extra deep upholstery.

Other points in the specification are, toughened Triplex glass all round, draughtless ventilation, top-hinged windscreen and in-built traffic direction indicators. Braking is by the improved Lockheed hydraulic system, the drums having special provision against the ingress of water. Built-in hydraulic jacks operated from inside the car lift it completely off the ground, or alternatively raise either the two front or the two rear wheels. In addition to the usual five-lamp lighting equipment there are twin fog lamps and tuned horns on the coupé. The instrument panel marks a departure in artistic design and a specially large speedometer has the "thirty" mark boldly picked out. Another feature worthy of note is the luggage accommodation which is well above the average. Suit cases can be accommodated behind the back of the rear seat apart from the roomy luggage-grid.

Sign Posts is a new book which has recently been published and forms a guide to the better and brighter places on the road where food and other accommodation may be obtained by the motorist. The author is W. G. McMinnies, whom I have personally known for twenty-three years. He is a person who calls a spade a spade and if he said a certain road-house was good, I for one, would be quite content to act on that verdict. In *Sign Post* he has included a most interesting collection of hotels, ancient and modern, Inns, famed for hospitality and comfort, country clubs, splendidly equipped for every form of sport, road-houses and roadside restaurants. This book does not in any way compete with the very useful handbooks of the R.A.C. and A.A. To start with this new publication is illustrated and the establishments dealt with are described in detail. Mr. McMinnies visited all these places personally, which has meant thousands of miles of travel throughout the country.

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS :

Phillips Oppenheim at his Best in a Spy Thriller : Oliver Baldwin Writes a Modernised Version of the Gospels : Alarms and Excursions in Washington Metcalfe's New Novel

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

WHEN Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim writes about spies it is in the grand manner. No petty intrigues satisfy the inventive powers of the man who wrote *The Maker of History* and THE SPY PARAMOUNT (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) is well up to this high standard.

The highest circles of international diplomacy are the background for this new novel, and there are enough grey-haired ambassadors and impetuous young Italians groping for the swords they might be wearing but are not, as it is a modern novel, to please the most exigent reader of thrillers.

Mr. Oppenheim is, no one will deny, a master of his art, and I have been brought up with a proper respect for the masters.

MISS ELIZABETH BENN, elder daughter of Sir Ernest Benn, the well-known publisher, who is to be married at the end of this month to Mr. Paul Shinkman, a New York journalist. Miss Benn was at one time book-reviewer to one of the London reviews

Ever since the beginning of time, and story-tellers date as far back as that, the same few stories have been re-told, given topical twists and contemporary language, and even contemporary meanings.

Mr. Oliver Baldwin has had the excellent idea of re-telling the most amazing tale of them all, very simply and freshly. The story of Jesus of Nazareth would be great if it were written in words of one syllable. It has never been tedious under the heaviest hands. In THE COMING OF AISSA (Grayson and Grayson. 8s. 6d.) Mr. Baldwin has used the name forms which are, I imagine, authentic, but to me, at least, unfamiliar. This method has given his book a curious and distinctive air of authority

In other respects it is a reverent and conscientiously modernised version of the gospels, with a surprisingly unorthodox last chapter.

NO QUARTER GIVEN (Constable 8s. 6d.) is not a great book, but it is a remarkably big one. Through 730 pages, and Vienna, Paris, New York, and New Mexico Mr. Paul Horgan's hero pursues his articulate way.

Edmund Abbey baldly described as a musician and a consumptive, had a full life, but it was the reverse of merry, and his deathbed scene was worthy of Victor Hugo. It is the women in the story however, who are the most vividly drawn and who seemed to me all the more convincing because there is less insistence on their characterisic traits.

Mr. Horgan writes unflaggingly and with a full pen, and there is not a trace of weariness in his invention, even towards the end of this admirably detailed family saga.

The episode of a young woman doctor who sacrificed everything, as well as her own life, that another woman and a new-born baby as well as two female missionaries, should be rescued from a Chinese bandit, is the climax of Miss Norah Lofts' I MET A GYPSY (Methuen. 7s. 6d.).

Wild untamable blood was in the veins of the family whose history the author relates, beginning with a story of the rebellion of a young bride in Christ in the sixteenth century. Each of the episodes through the centuries is told with dramatic effect, and the central theme is made quite credible.

TENDER ADVICE by Romer Wilson (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is described as a book of short stories. It is rather a collection of short pieces in which the short story predominates.

Of the late Romer Wilson one can only use that much abused word, genius. Her writing has a distinction, a charm, and a difference from anything that went before or has come since. She has had imitators whose failure has served to consolidate her reputation.

In this book will be found the genesis of her first novel, *Martin Schuler*, and also perhaps the most beautiful of all her stories *The Hill of Cloves*. This book represents, I suppose, the last we will ever receive of her writings. Therefore it must be a book to buy and to cherish.

Margrove was a successful man, as the world counts success. Swift, decisive, a man of action, a man of ingenuity, and a man who turned into money and power everything he touched. His tragedy was that he could do everything right in business, but nothing right in private life. He knew nothing about women, and made an awful hash of his contacts with them. He drove his wife into furtive combat against his domineering ways; and, while he could examine motives with a prescient exactitude in a business deal, he blundered and made hideous his domestic life.

That is the theme of PRIVATE LIFE OF A SUCCESSFUL MAN by W. F. Casey (Dent. 7s. 6d.). For a first novel it is written with a singular subtlety and restraint, and the concession to conventional form in a happy ending is a courageous one. Mr. Casey has a fine sense of character, and can uncover pathos in such an unsympathetic portrait as his Margrove.

Mr. Thomas Washington Metcalfe touches nothing which he does not embellish with the picturesque and the strongest dash of adventure. His new novel, PORT OF HEAVEN (Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.), begins quietly among the Yorkshire dales, shifts quickly to the high seas, and ends up with plenty of alarms and excursions, fighting, and love-making in the romantic setting of a South American port.

It is all because Maldonado, an old pirate with a code of his own, left a vast fortune to an unfrocked priest. This reverend gentleman used his inheritance to found a Utopia of his own which he called "Port of Heaven." From all over the world men came there to live in carefree happiness and monastic calm. But the serpent arrived in that Eden in the shape of a son of the late-lamented pirate, who had inherited all his father's piratical rascality, with none of his more exemplary virtues.

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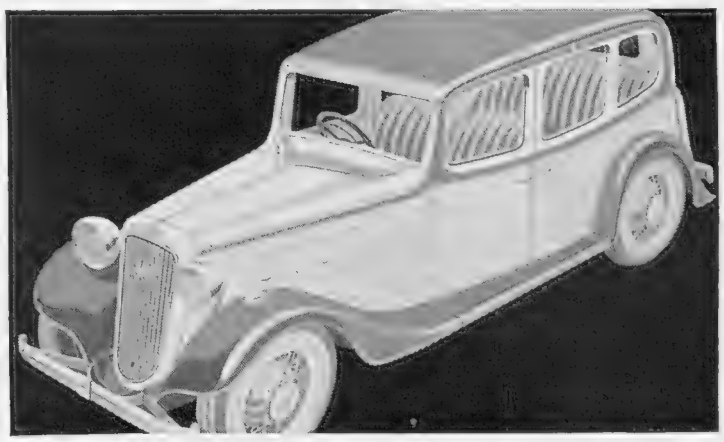

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The World of Books

(Continued from p. 152)

NOWHERE so much as in the field of letters are the intimations of immortality so assiduously sought. Who, among the writers, will be reckoned to be great two hundred years from now? How far can contemporary judgments be trusted? What, in the mutability of human affairs, can be gained from a study of Meredith's obituaries and an estimate of his position in English letters to-day?

Perhaps the strangest figure in the early twentieth-century scene, our twenty-second-century critic will surely agree, was Josef Teador Konrad Korzeniowski. Was it not said of Conrad that he wrote (English) like an angel? Yet he spoke it atrociously to the end of his life.

Books have been written upon his life and work, but none so essentially simple and revealing as JOSEPH CONRAD AND HIS CIRCLE by Jessie Conrad (Jarrolds. 18s.). Mrs. Conrad has no literary pretensions. To her, Conrad was indisputably a great man and a great writer; she brooks no criticism nor argument upon either point. With meticulous detail she sets down everything about their life together, and about their friends, always from her own personal angle in which, for instance, a quarrel with Ford Madox Hueffer over household linen assumes much importance.

From this naive domestic chronicle emerges the picture of a remarkable man, courageous, picturesque, romantic, irascible, tender, sensitive, and a great artist. Wherever the critic of the future places Conrad, this book will help him to a better study of the man and his work.

Mr. Arnold Haskell has done great work for the Ballet in his time, but surely nothing more valuable or opportune than his biography of DIAGHILEFF (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) It has always been easy to recognise in Diaghileff an impresario of genius; even those whose ballet careers have brought them fame and fortune have sometimes admitted it, but is it easy to estimate how far he was responsible for the creation of those careers?

Diaghileff could not have been an easy subject. Much, nearly all, of his inspirational work was rewarded by the triumphs of others. He cared little for the kind of success upon which the world showers rewards; no performance was, for him, perfect; he was never satisfied. His influence upon European art in his own decade was tremendous. If he gave of his genius to the Ballet he also, by his work through it, created standards of modern art. Mr. Haskell's is not only a fine biography but one of the most important contributions to the history of art of our time.

I usually find the supernatural element in books as boring, and as distressing, and as unpalatable as hot champagne. As usual though, there had to be an exception, and the exception is a short book written in the terse slangy style of the contemporary young writer of America.

An old man in this story, a mild-mannered, white-haired old man in San Francisco, gave me such chills along my spine as I had not felt for years. It is true that his eyes were apt to widen and shine with a strange green light, but that is more in the tradition of thrillers, and it was not by that, but by his imperturbable, logical, and almost reassuring calm that I was horrified.

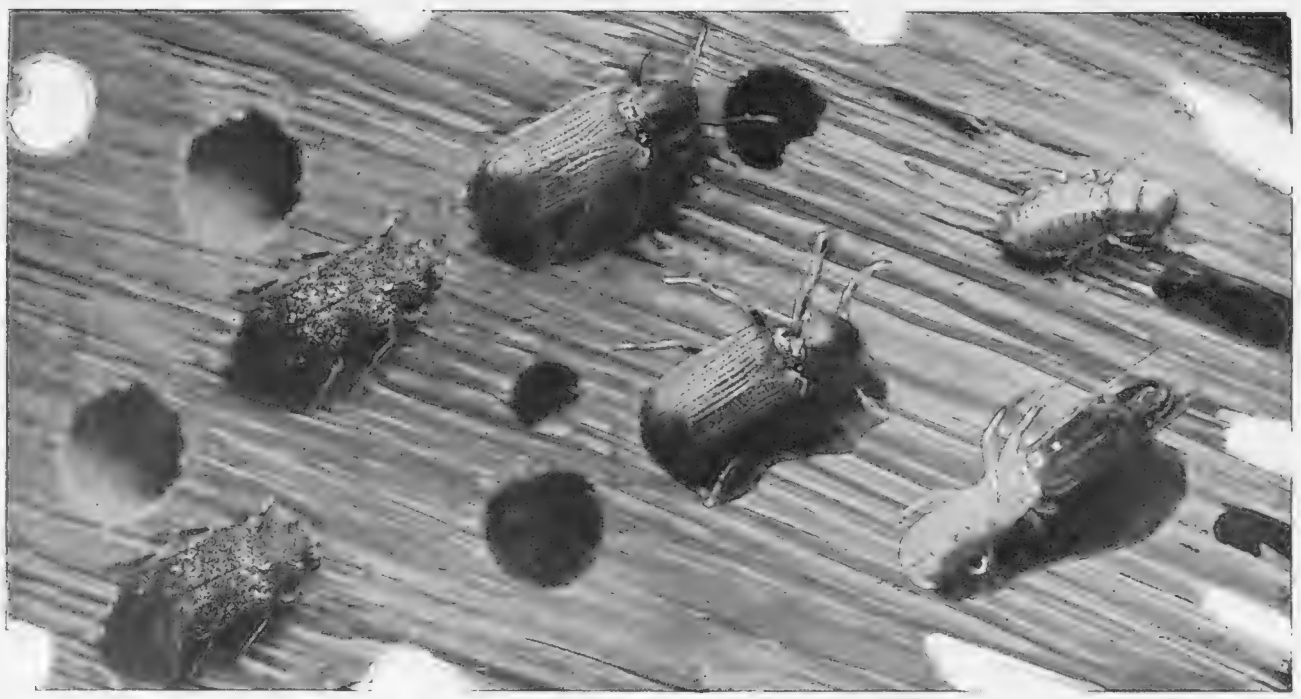
FULLY DRESSED AND IN HIS RIGHT MIND (Gollancz, 6s.) is a surprisingly good title in any case. Mr. Michael Fessier has written, for a first novel, a surprisingly good book to support it, and given it a really magnificent running start in the first few lines. After that the story veers between an almost brutal matter-of-factness and a real sense of the eerie.

"So when I walked up to it and got a good look at it, it was like seeing something horrible in the dark. It was like something in a dream, something that scares you, and when you wake up you're still scared, but you can't remember exactly what the thing was that scared you."

That for me at least is the stuff.

A pacifist novel in a world accustomed to wars and rumours of wars is not unexpected, but it is welcome. Mr. G. Cornwallis-West, in THE WOMAN WHO STOPPED WAR (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), has written a story which has its reason in the last war, and which is an attempt, or rather a suggestion, of a world peace league, in this case run exclusively by women, and known as "The Women's Save the Race League."

The moving spirit of the league is a particularly beautiful woman with very decided views, and it is her fanatical devotion to the cause of peace which makes the league not only possible, but a universal success. This may be a fantasy, or a Utopian dream, but it is comforting reading.



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Short Comments on New Publications

Fiction

THE JURY, by Gerald Bullett (Dent). One of the season's best novels. Intelligent, exciting, and realistic.

THE CURTAIN RISES, by Hilda Vaughan (Gollancz). Success story of a fanciful young Welshwoman, whose perception of the beautiful made up for a complete lack of humour and an ingrowing ego. Thoughtfully written and with a certain sincerity.

BLOOD RELATIONS, by Sir Philip Gibbs (Hutchinson). An English girl with a German husband faces the problems of post-war Germany. Unbiased and interesting.

THE UNKNOWN EROS, by Dorothy Langley Moore (Secker). The author of *The Technique of the Love Affair* has written a new kind of romantic novel in an involved and fastidious style.

THIS SWEET WORK, by David Low (Chatto and Windus). Quiet but diverting book of family life in the country to-day. By no means so dull as that life is supposed to be.

WHITE SHEIK, by Compton Irving (Mortiboys). The lure of the desert and so on. Vivid and readable in its own way.

JOBBER SKALD, by John Cowper Powys (Bodley Head). An imaginative, and immensely long novel about an English seacoast town and its very unexpected inhabitants. Distinguished but not up to his best standard.

SCHOOL TIE, by Ian Miller (Newnes). Vigorous and at times witty story of Scottish school life by a Rugger Blue.

ENGLAND MADE ME, by Graham Greene (Heinemann) is exciting and brilliantly constructed; also a satire on a type with pretensions to old school tiedom, with an excursion into Swedish finance.

General

D. H. LAWRENCE: A PERSONAL RECORD, by E. T. (Cape). An authoritative contribution to the Lawrentian legend written with more candour and disinterestedness than most.

LIFE OF ALEXANDER II, TSAR OF RUSSIA, by Stephen Graham (Nicholson and Watson). Biography of the only liberal ruler the Russian throne ever knew. Interesting for its accounts of his reforms and for the notes on Dostoevsky and Turgenief.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN: A BIOGRAPHY, by Hesketh Pearson (Hamish Hamilton). Thoroughly entertaining book, with endless good anecdotes of the famous and unfriendly partners.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES DICKENS: HIS LETTERS TO HER, edited by Walter Dexter (Constable). Affectionate letters containing some vivid descriptive writings in the best Dickensian manner.

SIX PORTRAITS, by Isabel Clarke (Hutchinson). Thoughtfully executed studies of Madame de Stael, Jane Austen, John Oliver Hobbes, George Eliot, Mrs. Oliphant and Katherine Mansfield.

A BACKGROUND FOR DOMENICO SCARLATTI, by Sacheverell Sitwell (Faber & Faber). Not a biography, since the material for that does not exist in this case, but a delightful reconstruction of the period in which this great composer lived. Sitwellian flourishes and enthusiasms.

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THEY say that cars are becoming more alike . . . but just look at this new Coupé on the Vauxhall Light Six. With its distinctive fluted bonnet, its tasteful streamlines and neat downswept tail it is every bit the little aristocrat . . . yet the price is as low as £245.

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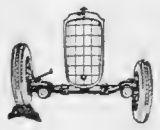

Smoothes out bumps and pot-holes and changes riding into gliding.

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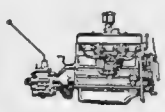

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No mess, no effort changing a wheel with the Vauxhall Light Six easy jacking system.

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Gives a faultless gear change every time. Vauxhall were British pioneers of this.

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A delightful series of jumpers just made to wear with these styles

THE *material of this Suit has to be touched to be appreciated! It can best be described as knitted wool with a curly loop finish of fine mohair—exceedingly smart and "different." In lovely shades of saxe, navy, black tulip, nigger and black. Sizes* 36, 38 *and* 40.

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THE *interesting feature of this Suit is the intriguing wavy stitch in which it is knitted. The coat has contrasting or self braiding whichever is preferred. The colours are good and we recommend blue-bottle/light natural, navy/light grey, granite grey/navy, Delft/light natural. In three sizes, S.W., W. and W.X.*

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CONTINUATIONS

HOLIDAYS IN VICTORIAN TIMES (Continued from p. 144)

In the 1880s and 1890s when evening dresses had long trains, a woman had what was called a "long dress-basket" in addition to her overland trunks. This was designed to avoid creasing in packing, taking evening dresses and ball dresses at full length, their trains being folded over at the bottom.

Fashion and the motor car, to-day, have reduced the luggage of both sexes to a minimum. The modern young man would be aghast—probably blasphemous—if when invited to spend a week-end in the summer at a country house, he was expected to take the clothes decreed by custom in his grandfather's youth. First, there was full London kit, with tall hat, for church on Sunday morning; then two suits of country clothes besides the one in which he travelled; evening clothes with tail coat—dinner jackets were non-existent—two white waistcoats and a black one in order to be prepared for a large party or a small one. For a small party black evening waistcoats were worn. Flannels and a tennis jacket, six boiled shirts (soft ones were unknown except for tennis), stiff collars, pumps, two pairs of country boots, and tennis shoes were included in his packing.

But, whatever the size of the party, a smoking-suit was essential; made of coloured silk or brocade, the jacket heavily frogged. This was donned after the ladies had gone to bed and the men went to the library or smoking-room, its *raison d'être* being that the smell of cigar or tobacco smoke should not cling to the men's evening clothes and so offend the delicate noses of the ladies the next evening. All these impedimenta would require a good-sized portmanteau and a hat-box like a coal-scuttle. In addition there was a dressing-bag whose ivory-backed brushes and silver-topped bottles were spread out on the dressing-table.

In the 1870s, however, women triumphed over their modern grand-daughters. The fashionable hat-box, of mahogany, 14 ins. long by 10 ins. deep and 11 ins. wide, held twelve hats. They were known as "porkpie," and were perched on the top of a mountain of hair.

PLAYS AND BALLET (Continued from p. 146)

father's Victorian house, which strangely enough is quite a desirable residence. Moreover, her life is desirable also and by no means one long heartache.

I like to find the conventional romance of the stage turned upside down like this; besides life more often than not proceeds on these lines.

In its original form I did not see this play, and I understand that the author has altered it drastically. Whatever he has done, the result could hardly be bettered. The acting certainly could not. Miss Marie Ney struck exactly the right note of sensibleness without lack of sensitiveness; that is to say, she was matter of fact without being in the least hard. The part is an "eminently desirable" one which any clever actress would probably give half a year's salary to play. Mr. Eric Portman is the lover—a good performance—and Mr. Frederick Leister a strong but un-Moulton-Barrett-like father.

AN EPIDEMIC OF AIR DISASTERS (Continued from p. 128)

the Junker's firm has produced two-stroke Diesel engines for aeroplanes, three of which were shown fitted to a big passenger seaplane at the Paris Aero Show last November. These Junker Diesel engines are being built under licence in England by the Napier Company, and the Air Ministry is testing three of them in a big flying boat. Also in this country the Bristol company have produced a radial air-cooled engine running on crude oil.

The trouble about the heavy oil aero engine is that at present it is a good deal heavier than a petrol engine of corresponding power. Against this it is more economical in operation, and uses much less fuel, but the development of the petrol engine has advanced so far that it is only on long flights of seven hours and over that the greater weight of the Diesel engine is offset by the reduced weight of fuel required.

In the present state of air transport it is doubtful whether the extra weight and cost of heavy-oil engines can be borne by the industry. A good deal of development has yet to be done with heavy-oil engines before they can compete on equal terms with petrol engines for commercial aircraft. But that the fire menace which is so serious for air transport must be tackled is certain, and it seems inevitable that sooner or later the heavy-oil engine with its freedom from fire risk will be much more generally used in commercial aeroplanes.

C. D. Palmer.

THE LESSONS OF SPITHEAD (Continued from p. 148)

for thousands of men, many of them brand new to the Service, to stand motionless and to move in unison. And it is no mean feat to control the illuminations, the fireworks, and the searchlights of 160 ships as if every movement were done with a single hand.

But it was on the following day, when the Fleet was led to sea by the King for practices, that the efficiency of the Navy of to-day really came into its own. The cruisers of the First Cruiser Squadron, which includes H.M.A.S. *Australia*, fired 384 rounds from their 8-in. guns at the wireless-controlled target ship *Centurion*. They scored 56 hits. This gives a percentage of hits of just over 14½. This standard of shooting may best be judged by comparison with the Battle of Jutland, where the percentage of hits was only a little over 3 per cent. Of course, one cannot expect as great a percentage of hits in actual battle as in practice; but before and even after the war 5 per cent. of hits in practice was considered almost phenomenal.

And the heavy ships did even better, scoring nearly 21 per cent, of hits when firing against a very fast moving target under conditions of visibility which were not ideal.

It was the same in the manœuvring of the ships. Just before the Fleet steamed past the Royal Yacht the whole ocean seemed to be covered with ships, steaming this way and that at high speed in the utmost confusion. But every one of them swung into line in perfect station. It proved conclusively that even in these days of mechanical contrivances the Navy is manned by men who are pre-eminently seamen.

Ever since, just after the war, reductions became the order of every succeeding year, the officers of the Royal Navy have set themselves to counteract cuts in men and ships by setting up a two-power standard of efficiency in those that are left. The officers have worked hard, and they have inculcated the idea most successfully into the men. Spithead and its sequel demonstrated how successful has been their endless quest for efficiency.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Dowager Countess of Jersey recently cut a cake weighing 100 lb. in honour of the 250th "birthday" of a tulip tree in the grounds of Esher Place (Princess Louise Home for Girls), which is a branch of the above Society. The tree which was brought to England in 1685, the year of Sedgemoor, is said to be the oldest of its kind in the country. Mr. Francis H. Clayton, Chairman of the Society, speaking at the Prize-Giving, said it was fifty years since the death of the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, the first President of the Society, and 100 years since the foundation of the Princess Louise Home at Kingston. Donations are urgently needed to help in the great work that the Society is carrying on, of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful citizens. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C 2.

IN PURSUIT OF THE SUN

Glimpses of Some Mediterranean Lands which will be Visited by Cruising Liners in the Autumn

THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD AT GIRGENTI: One of the best preserved and most picturesque relics of the days of the Grecian occupation of Sicily. The building, which dates from the fifth century B.C., is a peripteros-hexastylos, having its thirty-four columns with architrave and pediments still standing

"SUMMER'S lease hath all too short a date," wrote Shakespeare. But then the Elizabethans did not have the same facilities for pursuing summer into other lands that we have to-day. If they went to sea it was to rob Spanish treasure ships, or to defeat the armada, or on some voyage of adventure and discovery into the blind unknown. They did not cruise for pleasure in luxury liners. When autumn came there was nothing to be done but regret the summer and put up with it. There was no going off for a few days of Spanish sunshine. No fortnight's visit to the Mediterranean. The Mediterranean was months away.

For all the secret sentimental regard in which we may hold the "good old days," modern life is not without its compensations, particularly in the sphere of travel. One of them, for instance, is that you can be at Gibraltar within four days of leaving England, and from there a coastline that is amongst the most fascinating and varied in the world lies open to you.

First Spain. Malaga and Granada. Places of legendary beauty, where civilisation has flowered since Roman times. Malaga, the Moors said, "smelt sweet as an uncorked phial of musk." It was a trading centre of immense importance, sending cargoes of figs and raisins and spices to all parts of the Mediterranean, and serving as a base for the importation of arms for Mussulmans and Christians to kill one another with. There used to be special centres here, "fraternities" they were called, for ransoming Mussulman slaves and prisoners. The visitor to-day, although he is likely to detect other smells than those of uncorked phials of musk, will yet find many traces of departed glory. At Granada, however, four hours away by car, and a fine journey up into the mountains, is a glory that is yet alive. If there were still only seven wonders in the world, the Alhambra at Granada would assuredly be one of them. The oldest part of it dates from the ninth century, but the finest parts of it, such as the Court of the Myrtles and the Court of the Lions, date from the end of the thirteenth century, when Moorish civilisation in Spain reached its highest peak. Go where you will, you are not likely to find any buildings more perfect of their kind than the Alhambra and its satellite the Generalife, or any view more imposing than that which meets your eyes from these heights. Do not, however, despise the cathedral at Granada, which was built after the re-conquest of the town by the Christians, and which is a very fine example of Renaissance architecture in Spain.

Some 700 miles farther along the same coast (and the cruising liner counts its miles in hundreds), and you are anchored off Europe's most luxurious playground, the French Riviera . . . A line of white buildings, hotels and villas, gleaming in the sun, some of them half hidden by the trees . . . A background of mountains, colourful yet soft in their outlines . . . Names that are synonymous with gaiety—Nice, Cannes, Mentone, and the incomparable Monte Carlo, which seems to renew its youth from generation to generation.

Another 100 miles and you are in Rapallo Bay. Portofino, a miniature harbour with a village, a castle on a rocky promontory, and great wooded heights rising up behind, seems to exercise a peculiar enchantment over English people, and becomes for some a kind of symbol of everything they like about Italy. Farther down the coast is Civita Vecchia, and many cruising liners make a call here so that Rome can be visited. Then there is Naples, about which so much has been written and sung that it would be impertinent to look for a single phrase with which to sum up its beauty.

Once past Naples—"borne on beyond Sorrento and Amalfi"—and you are within the orbit of the old Greek civilisation. That is not to say that the Greeks confined themselves only to the eastern

AN EMPEROR'S RESIDENCE: Remains of the Palace of Diocletian at Split—a Jugoslavian port frequently visited by cruising liners

parts of the Mediterranean; they were great sailors and colonisers, and explored the whole seabord. But there is something about these coasts that belongs in spirit to the dawn of the world. Look at the ruins of a Greek temple, even at the Acropolis itself, and you will have a feeling of wonder, not so much at its great age, but at its being so eternally young.

Sicily is particularly rich in Greek remains, and you are indeed lucky if your liner makes a call at Palermo, set in its lovely golden shell of surrounding hills, and with the strange and somewhat sinister shape of Monte Pellegrino towering above it on one side.

Three-quarters of a century ago Palermo was the scene of an attack and conquest that made the name of Garibaldi and his Thousand a legend throughout the world, and even if the town had nothing else of interest to recommend it the story of this exploit would make it a place of endless interest—at any rate to people familiar with Trevelyan's book about the campaign, which combines the authenticity of history with the thrill of romantic adventure to an unsurpassed degree.

The Straits of Messina are interesting, partly on account of the distant splendour of Mount Etna, and partly because of the interest which inevitably attaches to the memory of the great Messina earthquake of 1908. "Great" is a permissible adjective, because about twice as many people were killed in it as there were recently at Quetta. It devastated the country on both sides of the straits, and when, the day after, an Italian destroyer was ordered to go and enquire into the fate of the mainland town of Reggio, they reported "We cannot find Reggio." There was scarcely a wall left.

On the eastern side of the Adriatic you have Dalmatia, the last European Riviera to be discovered, and perhaps the loveliest. So at least one cannot help thinking, on seeing for the first time its mountains tumbling down to the coastline, its old grey cities set on jutting promontories, its little bays and creeks, lapped eternally by a glittering, brilliant sea. And when one goes ashore at Split, or Korcula (a fascinating island), or Dubrovnik, that first impression is confirmed, for one seems to be stepping into an altogether quieter and more peaceful world than the third decade of the twentieth century makes allowance for.

The farthest point it is possible to reach on a Mediterranean cruise is, of course, Istanbul—better remembered by some of us as Constantinople—the capital of Turkey, the junction place of Europe and Asia. New Turkey's capital is away in the heights of Anatolia, and there is no longer Sultan or Grand Vizier or royal harem to provide material for the writers of romantic fiction. Mustapha Kemal (who, not content with re-christening Constantinople, has also re-christened himself Kemal Attaturk) is succeeding in his campaign of westernisation, but the minarets are still unchanged, and western clothes still sit a little oddly on their Turkish wearers.

Finally, there is the coast of North Africa, along which your ship may skirt: Tunis, Bizerta, Algiers, Oran—they are fascinating names. As a name, Philippeville is not so fascinating, but it is a popular port of call because an interesting excursion can be made from there to Constantine, about sixty miles inland. If you expect to find nothing but sand and camels and black men wrapped up in blankets because you are in Africa, you will be disappointed.

European civilisation has penetrated very thoroughly into these parts during the last thirty years or so, and the land is being intensively cultivated. But it isn't purely imagination when you feel that there *is* something about it that is essentially different from Europe and there is a genuine thrill in realising that beyond the last horizon lies the vast Sahara desert.

A. G.

LIFE ON THE BARBARY COAST: The steep and narrow street known as the Kasbah in the native quarter of Algiers—a city which, although modernised in some parts, still retains much of its pristine charm

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SEPT. 7 "Voltaire" from Southampton to Madeira, Tangier, Malaga, Lisbon **13 days from 15 gns.**

SEPT. 14 "Vandyck" from Liverpool, to Vigo, Algiers, Ceuta, Lisbon **13 days from 15 gns.**

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Portugal, Spain, North Af

THE HARVEST OF THE VINEYARDS: A girl of the Douro Valley, Portugal's great wine-making centre, with a basket of newly-picked grapes

BUSY people with only time to snatch a short holiday used to dwell with a kind of morbid relish on the fact that it was no good their going anywhere because as soon as they got there it was time to come back. Actually, of course, one is liable to feel that about any good holiday, whatever its length.

But on a cruise, at any rate, you know you are beginning from the moment you set foot on the gangway, and it isn't over until you hear familiar English voices on a familiar quayside again. Everything in between will have been worth while. You will feel as much at home on board as if you had spent half your life afloat.

It is always entertaining to watch your fellow passengers (and yourself, too, if you have sufficient sense of humour) becoming increasingly nautical in appearance and phraseology, as the ship sails on. You may go only as far as the north coast of Spain and back—a five-day dash across the Bay of Biscay—but it will be long enough for you to survey the Atlantic rollers as if you knew them all by name, and to learn that it is right to talk about the speed of a ship in "knots," but wrong to talk about "knots per hour," because "knots" is the sailors' way of saying "miles per hour."

Incidentally, the north coast of Spain has a good deal to recommend it, especially in the summer, when the weather is brilliantly fine and there are always fresh breezes. Santander is the chief port, with a fine situation on the north of a bay, looking towards the beautiful Cantabrian mountains. The port itself has nothing very much to recommend it (except the attraction of strangeness which one nearly always feels in seeing foreign places for the first time), but one of its suburbs, Sardinero, is a fashionable and attractive holiday place, with a splendid bathing beach. This was the favourite summer residence of the Spanish royal family, and the palace is a conspicuous landmark. An interesting short expedition from here is to the caves of Altamira, which contain some very remarkable prehistoric wall paintings, discovered quite accidentally in the middle of the last century.

Corunna, at the western extremity of the north coast, is another port of call. No reference to this town ever appears in English without some mention being made of Sir John Moore, an English hero of the Peninsular war. Actually, its capture by Napoleon's forces after the successful evacuation of the British troops under Moore's command, was only a single incident in a long and turbulent history.

A certain number of ships call at Vigo, on the west coast of Spain, more, however, at Lisbon, Portugal's charming capital, which lies some fifteen miles up the Tagus, where it widens out into a kind of large inland lake. The wooded hills you see away to the left of the river are those of Cintra, and if time permits it is worth making an excursion up there to see the residence of the last king of Portugal, maintained exactly as he left it, even to the papers on the table.

THE HILLS AND DALES OF GRAND CANARY: A delightful scene near Las Palmas

On the African coast you may be stopping at Tangier or Casablanca. Tangier is under international administration, and is big and busy and cosmopolitan. One's first glimpse of it from the sea is impressive: it looks as if it were built in a series of glittering white terraces. The closer reality may be found to be slightly disappointing, but Ceuta, not far distant, a stronghold for which the Moors and Spaniards fought one another for centuries, is well worth seeing.

Casablanca belongs to the French, and is one of the show pieces of French

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

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ca, and the Atlantic Isles

Places that can be Visited on a Short Holiday Cruise

colonial development. Twenty-five years ago no cruising liner—if in those days there had been any such things—would have dreamed of going near it; it was just a small Arab township, connected with Europe only by way of Tangier. Now it has 50,000 European inhabitants. But the native quarter, with a wall all round it is still preserved intact, and in its narrow streets may be found that strange conglomeration of sounds and smells that belong only to the world of the past.

A LINK WITH THE DISCOVERER OF THE NEW WORLD: This old house at Funchal, Madeira, which has now been demolished, was for some years the home of Christopher Columbus. While living there he met his future wife, Felipa de Perestrello—a girl of noble birth who was the daughter of the Governor of the neighbouring island of Porto Santo

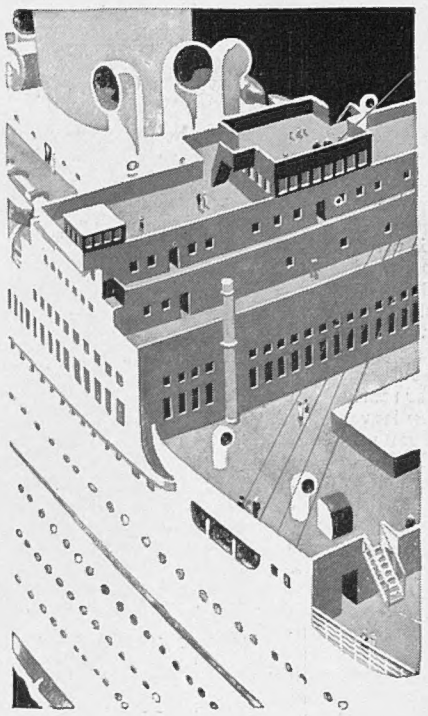
Now Madeira: Panegyrics about this island are too commonplace nowadays to be worth very much, but it suffices to say that everybody should make a very determined effort to see Madeira at any rate once—and the chances are that having seen it once you will want to see it again. At any rate you will carry away the recollection of a place that is perhaps more beautiful than any other you have ever known, although its beauty is of a purely exotic kind, born of the volcanic nature of the soil. You will also remember with pleasure the charm and amiability of the people—although living in such a place it is hard to see how they could be anything but amiable.

The Canary Islands are the Fortunate Isles of classical times, which is in itself something of a recommendation. Their history has been by no means uneventful, and the English have been connected with it on more than one occasion. Drake and Hawkins, for instance, raided them in 1595, Admiral Blake made another attack, doing great damage, sixty years later. Nelson met with the only defeat of his career off Santa Cruz in 1797. This was the occasion on which he lost his arm. Various trophies of the Spanish victory are still in existence, amongst them two flags. At Las Palmas another curious link with England is the fact that some of the vestments in the cathedral came from old St. Paul's, having been disposed of during Cromwell's regime.

The country immediately surrounding Las Palmas is sandy and not very exhilarating, but inland it is fertile and beautiful, and there are some splendid drives to be taken. If you go to Lagunetas you climb to a height of 4,000 ft. and there are some really impressive mountain views. With this drive can also be combined the two most famous "sights" of the island—the caves of Atalaya and the Gran Caldera, the crater of a vast extinct volcano, now a mass of foliage. Another good drive is to Telde and Tirajana.

In Teneriffe, too, there are some beautiful drives, the whole landscape being dominated by the great peak in the centre of the island, which is over 12,000 ft. high. Santa Cruz is the chief port of call, and has been modernised almost out of recognition during the past ten years. Its position, however, is very attractive, and many of the new streets are dignified and in good taste. An evening walk in Santa Cruz can be extraordinarily pleasant, since as far as social life is concerned it is the most enterprising and animated place in the Canaries, and the people have a gaiety and distinction about them that is reminiscent of the Spanish mainland.

HUMAN BRAKES: One of the sledges used for conveying passengers up and down the steep slopes in the town of Funchal, Madeira. These vehicles, which have iron-tipped runners, move so readily over the cobblestones that when going downhill they have to be held back by two men with ropes



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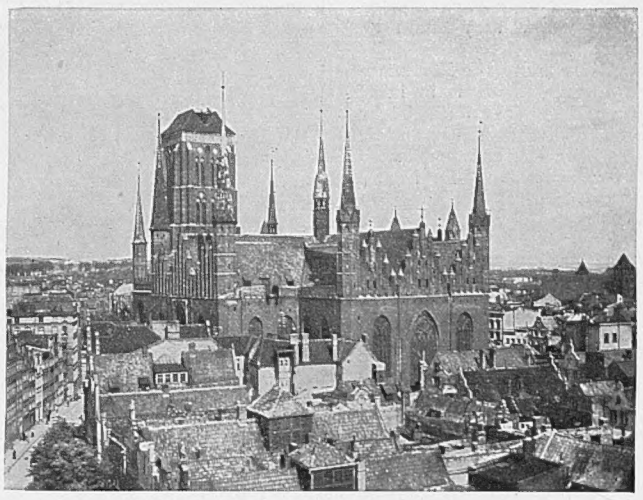
Where the Cruising Liners Go

An Itinerary of Some of the More Interesting Sailings during the Months of August and September

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC liners *Montrose* and *Montclare* (both 16,400 tons) are running on a series of attractive short cruises which continue up to the beginning of October. The itineraries are skilfully varied between the following ports of call: Gibraltar, Tangier, Barcelona, Tarragona, and Palma (in the Mediterranean), and Corunna, Vigo, Lisbon, Casablanca, Madeira, Teneriffe, and Las Palmas (on the Atlantic). The cruises last for thirteen days and start on Saturdays; the *Montclare* always sailing from Liverpool (August 10, 24, September 7, 21, and October 5), and the *Montrose* from Tilbury (August 3, 17, 31, September 14 and 28). Minimum fares are in the neighbourhood of £12.

Something quite out of the ordinary is provided for by the Canadian Pacific Tours to Canada. On August 23 and again on September 20, the *Duchess of York* leaves on tours which include visits to Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara Falls, New York and Montreal: twenty-one day cruises with fares from £63. On September 13 the *Duchess of Atholl* is scheduled to start on a similar tour. Then on August 10 the *Empress of Britain* leaves on a tour in the course of which passengers will visit Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago, Washington, New York and Montreal. This is a twenty-six-day tour, with fares from £90. Finally, there is the *Empress of Australia*, starting on August 29 for a thirty-day tour to Canada and America, with a minimum fare of £85. These costs are inclusive of everything.



WHERE MEDIEVALISM LINGERS: St. Mary's, one of the largest Protestant churches in existence, towering above the houses of Danzig—the free city which has such an outstanding attraction for foreign visitors, as in many ways it has changed but little since the days of its glory when it was one of the four chief towns of the Hanseatic League

The Lamport and Holt liners *Voltaire* and *Vandyck* have a very full programme again this summer, carrying on up to the end of September, with the promise of further itineraries to be announced later. The tonnage of these ships is over 13,000 and people who have cruised in them always speak very highly of their comfort. The *Voltaire* is sailing on August 10 for the Atlantic islands; a thirteen-day cruise at a minimum cost of 15 guineas; on August 24 for another thirteen-day cruise, this time to the western Mediterranean; on September 7, again for thirteen days, to Madeira, Tangier, Malaga, and Lisbon; and on September 21, this time for eighteen days (minimum fare 22 guineas) to Tangier, Palma, Naples, Capri, Palermo, and Lisbon.

The *Vandyck* has a sailing on August 17 for a thirteen-day cruise to Cadiz, Algiers, Gibraltar, and Lisbon; and on August 31 to Malaga, Gibraltar, Casablanca, and Lisbon. There is also a thirteen-day cruise starting on September 14 to Vigo, Algiers, Ceuta, and Lisbon; and, finally, an eighteen-day one, which includes visits to Lisbon, Palma, Villefranche (for the French Riviera), Barcelona, and Ceuta. This starts on September 28. Fares are the same as for the *Voltaire*.

The Royal Mail liner *Asturias* (22,000 tons) sails on August 10 for Barcelona, Villefranche, Naples, and Ceuta: a cruise lasting thirteen days, with fares from 20 guineas. She is also starting on August 24 for a fourteen-day cruise to the Mediterranean, which includes a visit to Naples and Malta. In this case fares are from 21 guineas. In September she has two short cruises—one on September 8 for six days, going to Corunna, Lisbon and Vigo; the other on September 15, going to Brest, Villagarcia, and Bilbao. In both cases the minimum fare is 10 guineas.

The *Atlantis* (16,000 tons) sails on August 16 for a fifteen-day cruise to the Baltic, visiting Oslo, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Helsingfors, Zoppot (a seaside resort recently established in the neighbourhood of Danzig), and Hamburg. An interesting feature of the cruise will be the passage through the Kiel Canal. Fares are from 23 guineas. The *Atlantis* is also going to the Mediterranean in September for three weeks, starting on the 6th. It is an attractive and comprehensive cruise, and the fares are from 35 guineas. Then on September 28 she sets out again, this time for Dalmatia.

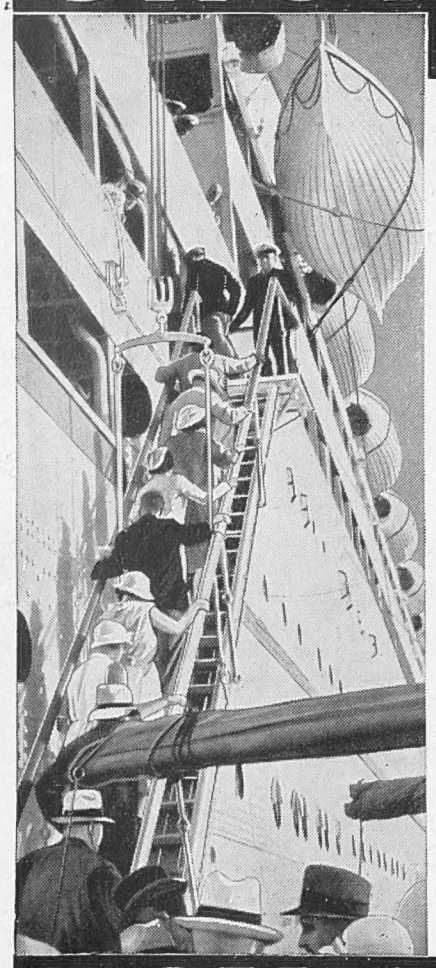
The Royal Mail also has a good service to Madeira and the Canaries, and this is worth looking into if one is considering a holiday in those parts.

Whatever your plans and projects for going away, it is always worth consulting Messrs. Cook and Son about them. They know everything and have information on every conceivable aspect of travel ready for you at a moment's notice. Of recent years they have made a speciality of cruising, and all bookings can be arranged through their offices. An additional advantage of this is that you can be sure of getting expert and unbiased advice over the selection of your cruise. They have branches, too, in all the more important ports of call and representatives virtually everywhere, who are at hand and ready to be of service if they are needed.

Luggage is not the bugbear it used to be, and modern methods of efficiency have relieved travellers of many of their former anxieties and inconveniences in connection with it. But there still remains the possibility lurking at the back of one's mind that one may suddenly awaken one day to discover it has all been lost. And, if it were lost, what a comfort it would be to know that at any rate it was insured. This is a field which the Norwich Union have been recently developing, and with great success.

More and more people agree that the small amount you pay is well worth while, if only for the sense of security it imparts. And the amount is very small indeed: the cost of a world-wide cover for £50 worth of personal luggage for sixteen days, for instance, is only 4s. 3d. There are lots of things that one has to see about anyway before a holiday: it is worth considering adding this question of luggage insurance to them.

CRUISING at its best



'ATLANTIS'

SEPT. 6. To Ceuta, Palma, Barcelona, Villefranche, Rome, Naples, Tripoli, Malta, Lisbon. 21 days. From 35 Guineas.

SEPT. 28. To Vigo, Gibraltar, Naples, Dubrovnik, Algiers, etc. 18 days. From 30 Guineas.

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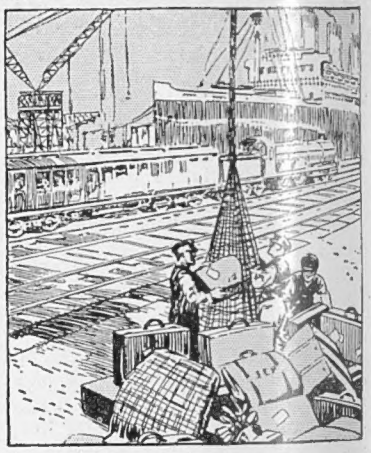

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

SPIEZ

Of the many attractive resorts of the Bernese Oberland, Spiez is certainly one of the most charming. Situated on the southern shores of Lake Thun on a spur of the Spiezberg, surrounded by orchards and wooded slopes, the town presents a delightful picture to the visitor. Spiez is an excellent centre from which to make many interesting excursions, being a junction for many diverging railway lines. Thus one can see the lovely Kander Valley and such famous resorts as Kandersteg and Adelboden, and make the ascent of the Niesen mountain. Another line will take one to Zweisimmen from where Lenk can be reached, and Gstaad, while Grindelward, Mürren, Lauterbrunnen, and the Jungfrau can be reached via Interlaken. It is also possible to make trips by steamer round Lake Thun. Those who do not wish to venture far afield will find many lovely walks in the immediate vicinity of Spiez, the beach, golf course, and tennis courts, providing further opportunities for exercise. Among the leading hotels of Spiez are the Spiezerhof, the Schloss Hotel, the Eden Hotel, and the Hotel des Alpes.

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A., Anglesey (Ireland).—There is an air service between Liverpool and Belfast, full particulars of which can be obtained from Imperial Airways, Victoria Station, London, S.W.1. The 'plane leaves Liverpool every weekday at 5.15 p.m., arriving at Belfast at 6.30 p.m. The single fare is £2 15s., the return fare £5.

D., London (Ireland).—We suggest you stay at the Kilcroney Golf and Country Sports Club at Bray, Co. Wicklow, which is less than half an hour's bus drive from Dublin, and is situated in the midst of the Wicklow Hills, in a park of 100 acres.

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Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address—Palace, Knocke.

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Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest, adjoining Casino. 200 rooms with bath. Large park. Own 'bus to golf and sea.

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Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

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Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof.-Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. RM. 5, with bath fr. RM. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

GERMANY—*continued.*

Frankfurt-am-Main.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM. 4.

Garmisch (Bavarian Alps. Sonnenbichl).—**Golf Hotel.**—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps.—Hotel Neu-Werdenfels.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Hamburg.—Hotel Atlantic.—On the Alster basin. Two minutes from the main station. Excellent Grill and Bar in new style.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Heidelberg.—Reichspost-Hotel.—Highly recomd. by German and foreign Gde. Bks. Op. Cent. Stn. Wine & Beer Restnt. Pens. fr. Mk.8.

Heidelberg.—Victoria Hotel.—2 minutes from Station. 175 beds. Adj. Municipal Park. Well-known Family Hotel. Rooms from RM. 4

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. htl-bldng. Selecr home of Internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung. Coun. of Com.

Mannheim.—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—Latest Creation of European Hotel Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive fr. Heidelberg.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

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Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

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Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM.10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—Wld.-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks.12.

ITALY.

Baveno (Lago Maggiore).—Hotel Bellevue.—The Leading Hotel. On the lake. Private bathing beach. Tennis. Mod. terms.

Colle Isarco (3,281 feet).—Dolomites.—**Hotel Gudrun.**—Every comfort. Moderate terms.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Three Kings Hotel (Trois Rois). On the Rhine. The Leading House.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

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Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st-class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

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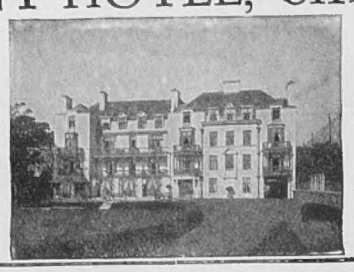

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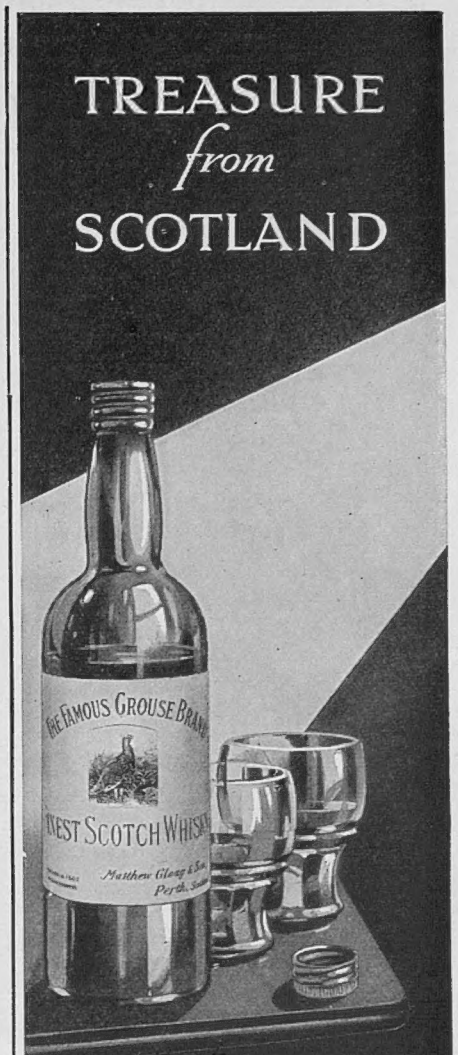

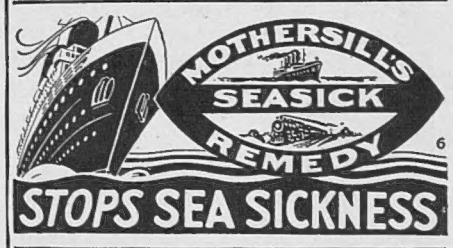

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—*July* 27, 1935. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1905.